

FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES
OF
BOYS

WEEKLY.

WHO MAKE
MONEY.



UP TO THE MINUTE
OR FROM OFFICE BOY TO BROKER
AND OTHER STORIES (A WALL ST. STORY)

By a
Self-Made Man

"Great Scott! What has happened to Bob?" cried Will, apprehensively, as he and Jess entered the office. The girl uttered a smothered shriek as she saw the motionless form of the boy broker partly covered by empty desk drawers, papers and other articles.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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UP TO THE MINUTE

OR, FROM OFFICE BOY TO BROKER

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Our Hero Makes the Acquaintance of A Pretty Girl.

Miss Davis, this is Bob Blakely," said Will Conant.

"Delighted to meet you, Miss Davis," said Bob, removing his hat and bowing.

Jessica Davis, a very pretty, vivacious girl, smiled and extended her hand.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Blakely," she said. "Really, you are not such a stranger to me, for Mr. Conant is always talking about you."

"Why shouldn't I?" said Will. "Bob is a first-class fellow, and my best friend."

"Will is a first-class fellow, too. We are practically chums," said Bob. "He has been promising me this introduction for some time, and I have been looking forward to it with eager anticipation, for I knew you must be an uncommonly fine young lady, as Will is never tired of referring to you in the most complimentary terms."

The young lady smiled, blushed a little and gave Will a demure look.

"Oh, I say, Bob, don't give me away," protested Will.

"I want Miss Davis to know how much you think of her," laughed Bob.

"Oh, she knows I think a whole lot of her," said Will.

"I'll tell Edith," said Miss Davis, holding up her finger.

"She won't mind. She's your chum. Well, now that I've introduced you to Bob, you can ask him about Stewart Sheldon. I intended doing it for you, but as I didn't know all the particulars you had better do it yourself," said Will.

"Do you know a gentleman in Wall Street by the name of Stewart Sheldon, Mr. Blakeley," said Miss Davis.

"Why, yes, I know a person by that name," replied Bob.

"He is with Smith, McNab & Co., stock brokers?"

"Yes."

"He is the junior partner?"

"Well, hardly. He's the firm's margin clerk."

Miss Davis looked disturbed.

"Are you sure he is not the junior partner?" she asked, anxiously.

"I am quite positive, Miss Davis. I work for Benjamin Pitman, in the Oriole Building, and

Smith, McNab & Co. have a suite of offices next door to my place. Mr. Smith's nephew, Harry Jackson, is the junior partner, and the firm's representative at the Stock Exchange. Stewart Sheldon is only a clerk. Do you know him?"

"Yes," she said, faintly.

The changed expression of her countenance could not but be noticed by both of the boys.

"Did he tell you he was the junior partner of the firm?" asked Bob.

"He told both my mother and I."

"You can take it from me he told you what was not true."

"He said he transacted the firm's business at the Exchange."

"Another false statement. Young Jackson does that."

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid——"

She stopped and looked so distressed that Bob ventured to ask what was troubling her.

"Mr. Stewart was introduced to my mother by a lady friend, or I should say acquaintance, for we have not known her very long. Mother happened to mention one day when she called that she had just received a small legacy, about \$600, and Mrs. Carter, that's the lady's name, suggested that she couldn't do no better than to invest it in Wall Street."

"She told your mother that?" said Bob.

"Yes. My mother replied that she had been told that the stock market was a very unsafe place to invest money."

"It is for most people," said Bob.

"Mrs. Carter replied that it was safe enough if put into the right kind of stock by a person who, to use her own expression, knew the ropes. She said she was personally acquainted with a member of a Wall Street firm who would as a favor to her, use her mother's legacy to the best advantage so that in a short time the money would be more than doubled. She said she would bring the gentleman around, and in a few days she came with Mr. Sheldon."

"And Sheldon represented himself as a Wall Street broker?"

"He did—the junior partner of the firm I mentioned. We had no reason to disbelieve his statement, particularly as he had vouched for by Mrs. Carter, who appeared to take a friendly interest in us."

"Well?" said Bob.

"His appearance and conversation—he was very well dressed, and in my opinion would pass

with most anyone for a prosperous Wall Street man—confirmed the impression, and my mother was quite taken with him. I had my doubts about the advisability of the step Mr. Sheldon finally induced her to take.”

“Did she give him her money to invest in some stock?”

“She gave him \$500.”

“What stock did he buy?”

“He sent my mother a letter on the firm’s paper stating that he had bought fifty shares of Round Top Railway on margin, and he looked to see the price double in a short time as the road was reported to be in such a prosperous condition that the company intended to declare an extra dividend on its stock.”

“What price did he say he paid for the stock?” said Bob, taking a market report out of his pocket and looking for R. T. R’y, which was a road he had not heard about before.

“He didn’t say what the stock cost him, he just said he had bought fifty shares of it on ten per cent. margin.”

Bob didn’t find any Round Top Railway transactions in the report and returned it to his pocket.

“If he didn’t tell your mother what he bought it at, how will she know how the transaction turns out? She will have to take his word for anything he says on the subject, and I’m afraid his word is not to be depended on when he represented himself as the junior partner of the firm that employs him as a clerk at about \$18 a week.”

“I’m afraid my mother will lose her money, and we can hardly afford the loss.”

“Maybe not. Did your mother save the letter Sheldon sent her?”

“I think she did.”

“I hope she did, for it stands as evidence that he received \$500 from her to invest in the stock market on his own judgment. According to the letter, he selected Round Top Railway.”

“Do you know if it is a good stock?”

“I don’t know anything about it, Miss Davis. I never heard of the road before, but that isn’t saying it does not exist. It is certainly not one I would go into without knowing as much about it as I could find out. If it was dealt in much I’m sure I’d recognize it, for I’ve been in Wall Street three years, and for the last year or so I’ve followed the market closely. Speaking off-hand, you understand, I am inclined to believe that it is not a good stock. I can tell you right now that it is not a dividend-paying road, for it is part of my duty at the office to enter in a book provided for the purpose all dividends declared by all companies. Dividends are usually declared around the first of January and the first of July, and payable fifteen days or so later. The companies’ transfer books are closed two or three days before the dividend is declared, and reopened after that. Only stockholders of record participate in the dividend. Some companies pay four dividends in a year. So if Sheldon told you Round Top Railway was going to declare an extra dividend, I’m afraid he misrepresented the matter.”

“If the stock is not a good one, and does not pay dividends, then he told an untruth all around.”

“It looks that way.”

“Why should he have deceived us unless he intended to rob my mother of her money?”

“I should think it a very risky thing for him to rob your mother. Unless he’s a big fool, which he doesn’t look like, he must know that your mother would be likely to call on Smith, McNab & Co. and make inquiries relative to the transaction. He would then be called on to face your mother and give an explanation.”

“Don’t you think my mother had better call on the first and tell the facts of the case?”

“Yes, I think it would be advisable for her to do so. Sheldon may be using her money to speculate with on his own account. If such is the case, and he is successful, probably he intends to return her the money with a small profit and the explanation that the deal did not turn out as he looked for it to do. Should he lose on the deal he might not be able to return all the money at once, but do it later by instalments. This is merely a suggestion.”

“I will tell my mother what you have told me about Mr. Sheldon, and suggest that she call on his firm right away,” said the young lady. “I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. Blakely, for the information you have given me.”

“You are welcome, Miss Davis. If I can be of any further assistance to you or your mother in this case, I hope you will call on me. Here is Mr. Pitman’s business card. I am in and out there between nine and half-past three.”

“I shall be happy to have you call at our flat some evening,” said the girl, as she accepted the card. “I am sure my mother would be glad to see you. I will give you my address.”

Bob took it down in his notebook and told her he would be delighted to call any evening that was convenient for her. She suggested the following Thursday, and Bob said that would suit him all right. Will and Miss Davis then walked away and Bob returned to his office, and was asked by the cashier what kept him out so long. He gave the best explanation he could, and as he stood well with the cashier, it went at that, and he sat down to wait until his services were again called upon.

CHAPTER II.—Seldon In Hot Water

Bob Blakeley was one of Wall Street’s smart boys. Mr. Pitman, his employer, believed he was a little smarter than the average. Perhaps he was. He was smart enough to do many things that other Wall Street boys did not attempt, and one of these smart things was to save up \$50 and then risk it all on a stock market deal in the market. A good many people would not regard that as a smart performance. On the contrary they would say it was a foolish one. It would have been foolish if he had lost his money. It happened, however, that he picked out a stock that was being boomed by a syndicate, though he wasn’t aware of that fact, and he more than doubled his money. As success, like charity, covers many shortcomings, we will allow that Bob was smart. In fact, it takes a smart person

to win in Wall Street, for most of the money speculators bring to the financial district stays there. Most anyone who has had any experience in Wall Street will tell you that.

Bob retired from his first deal \$75 ahead. In the course of a month he had \$100 up on another stock. He came out \$115 winner. After that it became a regular thing for him to monkey with the market. Sometimes he came out at the short end, though not very bad, but most of the times he was more or less successful. And now at the beginning of our story he was worth \$5,500—all picked up in a year and a half. He lived with his mother's brother in the Bronx. The others members of the household consisted of his aunt and his cousin Tom. The family name was Ralston, and the Ralstons—father, mother and son—were all tarred with the same brush, so to speak. They regarded a dollar with that peculiar veneration which causes its votaries to squeeze it to hear the eagle scream. On other words, when they got hold of a dollar, the bill went out of circulation until they were compelled to change it or part with it.

Bob paid \$5 a week for the privilege of sitting down to two meals a day, with an extra tea thrown in on Sunday, and the right to occupy a small little back room in the cottage, which Mr. Ralston had picked up at a bargain, and was now run to seed, because he would not part with the money necessary to keep it in a presentable condition. As long as the roof didn't leak, and the plaster didn't fall off the walls, it was good enough to suit the Ralston family. They put on no style, and as their neighbors did not bother with them, they did not worry. The only well-dressed member of the household was Bob. He had to be well dressed to show up right in Wall Street, and as long as he paid for his own clothes the Ralstons didn't care how well he dressed. The neighbors liked Bob and spoke to him. They knew he was a relative of the Ralstons.

But he was no more like them than a hovel is like a palace. The Ralstons treated Bob first rate, not because he was their relative, but because he brought them in \$5 every week with refreshing regularity, and was liberal in his ways. They appreciated liberality in other people if it benefited themselves; if it didn't they denounced the trait as downright foolishness. Tom Ralston found Bob a good one to strike for a loan occasionally. These loans Bob put down to profit and loss, for Tom never offered to repay the money. Mr. Ralston was in the real estate business, with life and fire insurance, and money to loan as side issues. As the real estate business had not been looking up for a considerable time, the side issues were supporting the office. Bob never breathed a word to his relatives about his success in the stock market—he knew better. If they had known he was now worth over \$5,000 they would all have lain awake at nights trying to concoct some scheme to separate him from most of it. They supposed his weekly pay represented his financial standing, and they never dreamed that one of the keys Bob carried on a ring in his pocket opened his safe deposit box where he kept his money. But to resume the thread of our story. Bob had been in the office

only a few minutes when the door opened and admitted a vinegary looking woman.

"What do you wish, ma'am?" asked Bob, going up to her.

"I should like to see Mr. Stewart Sheldon," she snapped.

"Not here, ma'am; next office to the left," said Bob.

"Look here, young man, do you see any green in my eye?" said the woman.

"No, ma'am; your eyes appear to be blue ones."

"I want to see Mr. Sheldon, and, what's more, I'm going to see him, too."

"He doesn't work here, ma'am. He's with Smith, McNab & Co., next door."

"He told me he worked for Benjamin Pitman, and this is Mr. Pitman's office."

"If he told you that he didn't tell you the truth."

The woman's eyes snapped.

"You say he's next door?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"If I find you have fooled me, I'll come back and box your ears."

"Shall I go with you and show you the way?"

"I think you'd better," she said.

So Bob told her to follow him, and he led the way into Smith, McNab & Co.'s. The office boy happened to be in. His name was Tommy Dodd, and he was well acquainted with Bob.

"Want to see Mr. McNab?" he asked Blakely.

"No. This lady wishes to see Stewart Sheldon."

"What's your name, ma'am?" asked the office boy.

"Never mind my name. I want to see Mr. Sheldon."

The boy went in and told the margin clerk there was a lady outside who wanted to see him.

"What is she?" asked the clerk.

"She wouldn't tell me her name. She's about fifty, and doesn't look pleasant."

Sheldon recognized his landlady, whom he owed several weeks' room rent. Having repeatedly dunned for the money, which he didn't have, or declined to part with, he had moved the preceding night, without his trunk, carrying away his personal belongings in a suit-case and a large paper bundle. The lady having found his trunk open and empty, and his bed undisturbed, understood at once that he had found it cheaper to move surreptitiously than to settle with her. That made her mad, and as soon as she could she started on the war-path to make things lively for him.

"Go and tell her I'm out and not expected to return till the Fourth of July," he said.

The office boy came back and delivered the clerk's message.

"Did he tell you to tell me that?" demanded the irate lady.

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy, who was not particularly friendly with the clerk.

With fire in her eye the lady marched into the counting-room, spied out the clerk at his desk, and went for his scalp in a way that attracted general attention. She denounced him as a swindler and demanded her money. Bob and the other office boy stood outside and listened.

"She's giving it to him in great shape," said Tommy Dodd.

"Serves him right. Why don't he pay her what he owes her?" said Bob.

"Because he needs the money, I guess," grinned Tommy.

Bang, bang, bang! went the lady's umbrella, and every blow landed upon Sheldon's head and shoulders with a vigor that knocked him off his stool. Two clerks interfered and saved Sheldon further castigation.

"I'll have you arrested, you old virago!" cried Sheldon when he recovered his feet. The noise and confusion in the counting-room attracted the attention of Mr. McNab, and he came out of his private room to see what was the matter. The cashier was expostulating with the woman and trying to get her to leave the room quietly.

"What's the trouble? What is this woman doing in here?" said the broker.

"Are you one of the bosses?" asked the lady, aggressively.

"I am. What's your grievance? You appear to have one."

The visitor said her name was Jenkins, and that Sheldon had lodged at her house for six or seven months.

"I had no fault to find with him till he stopped paying his room rent four weeks ago, and he hasn't paid me a cent since. He owes me \$20 for my back spare room. The night before last he skipped out, taking his clothes and leaving his empty trunk behind. He intended to leave me in the lurch for my \$20. I'm not so easy as to stand for that sort of thing, so I came down here to demand a settlement of him, or know the reason why not. If you're his boss order him to pay me. I have a right to my money. If people didn't pay me, how could I live to pay the rent of the house?" said the lady.

"I've been hard up for a month, that's why I didn't pay her. I promised her I'd pay her in instalments if she'd give me time," Sheldon said.

"His promises amount to nothing," snapped the woman.

"Mr. Dunne," said McNab, turning to his cashier, "hand this woman \$20, take her receipt, and charge the amount against Sheldon."

And so the matter was settled and Mrs. Jenkins told Sheldon he could send for his empty trunk.

"I hope you are satisfied," growled the clerk.

"I'm satisfied you intended to cheat me."

"I had no such intention, madam."

"Why did you tell me you worked for Mr. Pitman, next door? Thought you threw sand in my eyes, didn't you? I went in there, but the boy employed in the place told me you worked in this office and brought me in here. If it hadn't been for him I might not have found you. Now that I'm going to get my money, I consider myself well rid of such a shifty individual as yourself."

With those words she walked to the cashier's desk, got her \$20 and left the office. After witnessing the discomfiture, or Sheldon, for whom he felt no sympathy, Bob returned to his own office. Mrs. Jenkins, however, felt she owed him her thanks for conducting her to the right place, and so, before she went to the elevator, she re-

turned to Pitman's office and told the office boy she was much obliged to him.

"You're welcome, ma'am. I'm glad you got your money," said Bob.

"I wouldn't have got it if I hadn't made a row," she said.

"That's right," grinned the boy. "Nothing like going straight to the point. Good-by, ma'am."

The lady took her departure, well satisfied over her visit to the building, and a minute or two later Bob was sent out on an errand.

CHAPTER II.—A Booming Market.

Business in Wall Street had been good ever since November of the previous year, and it had been steadily growing better month by month up to the present time. Everybody, to use a current expression, was making money. To show how some people had acquired fortunes in six months, we will inform the reader that Atchinson, selling at \$27 a share, in October, just before the Presidential election, was now going at \$90 a share, and this was the first week in May. Bob cleared \$1,200 on a rise in Reading, which had advanced from 15 to 45. He also made a wad on Union Pacific which had gone up from 57 to 133. If he had held on steadily to any of his deals instead of selling at an advance of 15 or 20 points, he would have been worth nearer \$25,000 than the \$5,500 he now possessed. At the present moment he was long on Burlington to the extent of 500 shares which had already gone up seven points since he bought it, and was 60 points higher than when the general boom started. That meant he was \$3,500 ahead of the game. Wall Street was full of lambs crazy over the state of the market.

And among the lambs might be seen the faces of lawyers, doctors, authors, artists and other professional people, who were not usually to be seen in the office of Wall Street brokers. Half the brokers themselves were long on some stock all the time—selling when the market made a slight drop, and buying again when it recovered. Mr. Pitman, Bob's boss, had been carried away by the general excitement, and was in up to his neck in St. Paul. He was already a quarter of a million ahead, and had he been satisfied with that all would have gone well with him, and probably this story wouldn't have been written, for Bob would not have suddenly found himself out of a job—a fact that caused him to go into business for himself.

We remarked at the close of the preceding chapter that Bob was sent on an errand. He carried an envelope, containing several orders from customers, to Mr. Pitman at the Exchange. When he got there he found a tremendous uproar going on. He was not surprised, for this uproar had been going on for weeks pretty steadily. Bob, however, thought it was a little fierce that afternoon. The brokers were particularly busy at the St. Paul and Burlington posts. A glance at the blackboard showed Bob that his stock had gone up three points more since he saw the last quotation, and every point meant a gain of \$500 to him. He felt like shouting, but he had no

time to dwell on his own success. The attendants were rushing around like mad, and it was hard to get one to wait on you. Bob didn't see his boss in the struggling mass of traders on the floor, but he knew he was usually to be found around St. Paul. It took some time for him to get the envelope to Mr. Pitman, and while he was trying his stock went up three points more.

"Gee! Burlington and St. Paul has gone wild this afternoon," he muttered. "I'm afraid such good luck can't last. I think I ought to sell."

But he remembered that every time he sold out his other deals he had made a big mistake, for the price kept on going up. The chance of making a big winning this time looked so good that the boy decided to hold on. When he returned to the office and reported to the cashier, he was sent back with another envelope. The blackboard showed that Burlington had risen seven points more, and St. Paul had gone up in the same proportion.

"Holy mackerel!" breathed Bob. "I've made \$6,500 since noon. That puts me \$10,000 ahead. It's just like finding money. Surely I ought to sell and make sure of my profits."

But the temptation to hold on, which now had every one almost in its grasp, made him hesitate, and when one hesitates to act, that's the end of it. Bob delivered his envelope and went back to the office. In a little while he was back again, and he found Burlington five points higher.

"Heavens, this is like having Adaddin's lamp. I've made \$2,500 in the last twenty minutes. How much more am I going to make before three o'clock?"

When the Exchange finally closed down that afternoon, Bob was a little over \$15,000 ahead on his deal. Now that the excitement was over till the next day, Bob decided to leave his order to sell with the little bank on Nassau street which was engineering the deal.

"I'm going to be on the safe side," he told himself. "I don't care if Burlington goes up out of sight. It doesn't pay to hold on for the last dollar. The first thing people know this market will go to smash and all the small speculators will be wiped out, and a good many of the big ones will be hit mighty hard. I have heard that the boss is over his head in St. Paul. If he is he must have made a raft of money this afternoon, on paper. He ought to sell. I would if I were in his shoes. Perhaps he did sell before the market closed. It's a great thing to be a broker these days. Those who are not speculating are making commissions and interest charges by the barrel. They are taking no chances, no matter how the market goes. I mean to be a broker one of these days myself."

Bob didn't dream then how soon he would hang out his sign. His thoughts were simply busy with the future, which was indefinite. He got off work at twenty minutes of four, and on his way to the City Hall elevated station he stopped at the little bank and put in his selling order. His directions were to "sell at the market." Burlington would probably open higher than it had closed from present indications, and he expected to collect a profit of over \$20,000.

"If my uncle and aunt and Tom knew that I am now practically worth \$25,000, they'd drop

dead from sheer envy," he chuckled. "I believe they'd expect me to divide with them. I never saw three people who were so unanimous in their adoration of the mighty dollar. I don't know how much money Mr. Ralston has, but to judge from his looks, the appearance of my aunt and cousin, and the aspect of the house on the outside, one would say that the margin between the family and the poorhouse was mighty small. I don't believe that, though. Tom told me that his old man has a good bank account, and his mother has a private one of her own. He says they've never lived so well as since I came to board with them. He told me that my uncle is always harping on his wife's extravagant table, but she said if she didn't feed me well I wouldn't stay, which is the truth, and she'd rather be certain of making one dollar fifty-two times a year than two dollars for a short time only. That shows my aunt has a business head."

After leaving the subway station, in the Bronx where he always got off the train, Bob stopped at the real estate office owned by his uncle. Tom, who acted as office boy, messenger, clerk, rent collector, and performed numerous other duties in connection with the establishment, was the only person in the office when Bob walked in.

"Where's Uncle Caleb?" asked the Wall Street lad.

"Search me," replied Tom. "He went away an hour ago to try and sell a corner grocery we have on our books, and he hasn't showed up since. Want to see him?"

"Not particularly. What are you doing?"

"Me? I'm improving my mind."

"In what way?"

"Reading, of course."

"I'm glad to see you so industrious. What's the subject? History, science, or——"

"Naw. This here is fiction. I picked the book up at the second-hand store around the corner."

"How much did you pay for the book?" said Bob, surprised at the idea that Tom would part with even a nickel for the finest book ever published.

"Pay! Think I'm a chump. I got this for nothing."

"How? Dealers don't usually give books away."

"Well, you see this book get into my pocket some way and I didn't notice it till I got back to the office. Then I was ashamed to take it back, see?"

"How did it get into your pocket without you knowing it?"

"Blessed if I know. It's the most curious thing that ever happened to me. I guess it fell off the table into my pocket when I reached for another book."

"I have no doubt it did," said Bob, dryly. "It appears to be interesting."

"Bet your life it is. It's the 'Life and Adventures of Dick Turpin.'"

"And old-time crook."

"They didn't call 'em crooks in those days. He was a gentlemanly highwayman. He robbed the rich and was good to the poor. He was all right. There are worse people than him doing business down where you work. They rob everybody, but

they do it legally, and that's why they aren't pinched."

"You have a bad opinion of Wall Street."

"It deserves it, doesn't it?"

"I don't think so."

"You're prejudiced 'cause you make money there."

"Maybe I am, I intend to be a broker by and by."

"Where are you going to get your money to start with?"

"I'm not worrying about that."

"Expect your boss to take you in as his partner?" grinned Tom.

"No such luck. Well, I'm going home."

"What's your hurry?"

"I want to give you the chance to read your book. I hope you'll return it to the store after you've finished it. It isn't your property, you know."

Bob then walked out of the office.

Bob started downtown early the next morning and called in at the little bank. In a short time Stewart Sheldon and Timothy Nolan, a clerk in Smith, McNab & Co.'s office, came in. Bob was near enough to overhear their conversation, which was that Sheldon was in St. Paul and had made \$2,400 so far, and that he had borrowed \$500 from a widow to make his investment. Nolan asked him why he did not sell out, now that he was ahead, but Sheldon felt sure it would go higher and was going to hold on for a while. Pretty soon they left the bank and Bob followed shortly after. Right after one o'clock there was a scene of excitement at the exchange that baffled description. St. Paul had tumbled, and many brokers were financially crushed under it. Among them were Broker Pitman and Sheldon Stewart.

CHAPTER IV.—Sheldon Comes to Time.

Next day the slump continued. Several failures were announced, and among these was Mr. Pitman, who sent word to the chairman of the Exchange that he would be unable to meet his engagements. Bob carried the note over without knowing its purport. It wasn't till he got back that he learned his boss was in difficulties. Every one knew that the slump in St. Paul had sent him to the wall. Pitman remained in his office all day, seeing visitors, and trying to reach a settlement, but he was so badly involved that when four o'clock came he could not see his way out, so he made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors, his wife being a preferred one for \$5,000. He had an elegant home on West Seventy-second street, but that was in his wife's name, and therefore, could not be regarded as an asset.

That afternoon Bob called at the little bank for his statement, and, finding it correct, took away \$21,100, in addition to his \$5,000 deposit, and locked the cash up in his safe deposit box. When he got home he told his aunt that his boss had failed.

"My gracious! Will you lose your job?" she cried, in dismay, having visions of being obliged to feed her nephew without remuneration until

he got another position, which was far from pleasant to a lady of her grasping nature.

"Maybe not. A receiver will take charge of the office and business will go on under him, for a while, at any rate. Whether the business will be wound up or Mr. Pitman will get on his feet again, I cannot say now."

"Then you don't expect to be out of work right away?" said the lady, with a look of relief.

"Oh, no. You needn't worry about that."

The news was repeated to Mr. Ralston and Tom at the supper table.

"Oh, well, if you lose your job and can't pay your board for a while, father and mother won't mind. They can afford to keep you," grinned Tom.

Mr. Ralston frowned, for his son's suggestion was not palatable to him. Bob's \$5 per week was regarded as an important item, and if he couldn't produce it it would make a difference. That evening Bob put on an extra frill or two and went down to Harlem to call on the Davis family. Miss Jessica was expecting him, had put on a few frills herself, and received him very cordially.

After some small talk the young lady excused herself and went out to fetch her mother in. Mrs. Davis said she was glad to meet him, and the conversation became general.

"There's been a terrible time in Wall Street," remarked Jessica at length. "The papers say there's been a panic down there. Mother is awfully worried over that money I spoke to you about. She's afraid she's lost it."

"Hasn't she called on Sheldon's employers yet?" said Bob.

"No. She didn't want to get him in trouble."

"I think her sympathy in that direction is misplaced. Had she gone the next morning she might possibly have reached an arrangement by which she would have got her money. And Sheldon would have benefited by being compelled to settle with here. I happen to know that he got the money out of you, Mrs. Davis, not to invest for you, to buy stock on his own account. Yesterday morning he was \$2,400 ahead on the deal, but as I overheard him say he intended to hold on for \$3,000 in profit, I'm of the opinion he was caught in the slump, in which case he has not only lost the \$2,400 he could have made, but your \$500 into the bargain," said Bob, who then related the conversation between Sheldon and Timothy Nolan in the little bank which he overheard.

"Nolan has a level head, and his advice to Sheldon to sell was good. If that chap had followed it he would be all right to-day. The only thing I see for you to do is to go down to Smith, McNab & Co.'s office to-morrow morning and bring the matter to the attention of one of the partners. Take Sheldon's letter with you as evidence, and if further proof is needed, call on me. I'll come in and tell Mr. Smith or Mr. McNab of the conversation in the little bank between Sheldon and Nolan. That will clinch the case against him. But if he has lost your money I don't see how you are going to recover it. His firm is not responsible for his statement to you that he was the junior partner," said Bob.

"It will be a dreadful disappointment to me if

"I lose all that money," said Mrs. Davis. "I've been counting on that small legacy doing us a lot of good. It was a great mistake on my part giving it to Mr. Sheldon, but Mrs. Carter assured me it would be perfectly safe in his hands."

"As your daughter told me that this Mrs. Carter was a new acquaintance, you were foolish, pardon me for saying so, to place so much dependence on her word. From what Sheldon said to Nolan I am inclined to think that Mrs. Carter was working in his interests, not in yours."

"I guess you are right, Mr. Blakely," said Jessica.

On the whole, Bob passed a pleasant evening with the Davises, and when he left it was arranged that mother and daughter would call at the office of Smith, McNab & Co. in the morning and present their grievance against Sheldon.

On the following morning at eleven, Bob was sitting in his chair when the door opened and Mrs. Davis and Jessica came in. Bob sprang up and hastened to meet them.

"Have you been in next door?" he asked.

"No," said Jessica, "we thought we'd come and see you first. We feel a bit timid about calling on the firm, for we are afraid the gentlemen are busy, so many people are going into their office."

"Probably they are busy at this hour, but they will see you in your turn just the same."

"Could you go in with us, or are you too busy?"

"I'll speak to the cashier."

Bob got permission to leave the office for a few minutes, and he escorted the ladies into Smith, McNab & Co.'s office.

"Say, Tommy, is Mr. Smith engaged?" said Bob to the office boy.

"I think not. Want to see him?"

"These ladies do, on very important business. Take in the name of Mrs. Davis."

Tommy did so, and presently returned to say that Mr. Smith would see them. They went in and Bob returned to his own office. Fifteen minutes later Tommy Dodd came in and said he was wanted in Mr. Smith's room, so he went in. Smith knew Bob as Pitman's messenger, and nodded to him.

"I have sent for you to confirm a statement made by these ladies, who, I believe, are friends of yours. Did you see Stewart Sheldon and Timothy Nolan, two clerks connected with this office, in the Nassau Street Banking and Brokerage House on Wednesday morning?"

"Yes, sir," replied Bob.

"You overheard a conversation between them relative to a sum of money which this lady says Sheldon got from them through false representation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you repeat that conversation as near as you can recollect it?"

Bob did so, as his memory was good on that point.

"Thank you. I would like you to remain a few minutes," said Mr. Smith.

He pushed a button and Tommy Dodd entered.

"Send Stewart Sheldon here," said the senior partner.

The margin clerk appeared, and his face was all colors when he recognized Mrs. Davis and her daughter.

"Sheldon, did you, representing yourself as the junior partner of this firm, persuade this lady, Mrs. Davis, to confide the sum of \$500 for investment in some Wall Street stock?"

"I didn't persuade her at all. She had, as I understood, received a small legacy from some source, and expressed the desire to a lady friend of mine to invest it to some advantage. The lady suggested Wall Street stock, and Mrs. Davis, deciding to take a chance that way, the lady in question introduced me to her, and I told her that as the market was booming, and had been for some time, that it would not be a bad idea for her to risk her money in the street. After some talk she gave me the \$500 and told me to use my own judgment. I decided to buy 50 shares of Round Top Railway, as it was going cheap, and I notified her to that effect," said Sheldon.

"You bought that stock for her. Of whom did you buy it, and where is the memorandum?" said Smith.

Sheldon looked confused and did not answer immediately. Finally he said that he did not buy it, but purchased 50 St. Paul instead.

"Where is the ticket?"

Sheldon produced it.

"You bought it in your own name at the little bank on Nassau street, I see?"

"Yes, sir."

"At 75?"

"Yes, sir."

"It closed on Tuesday afternoon at 123?"

"I believe so."

"That indicated a profit of \$2,400 on the deal at that time?"

Sheldon admitted that it did.

"With such an excellent profit in sight, why didn't you sell it?"

"I expected it would go above \$3,000 next day."

"Did it?" asked Smith, who knew that St. Paul had advanced nearly ten points more before the market broke.

"Very nearly."

"Did you order the stock sold?"

"I am sorry to say I did not."

"May I ask if your account with the little bank was wiped out by the drop?"

"It was."

"Then instead of taking advantage of the chance to turn this lady in a profit of \$2,500, or thereabouts, you have sacrificed her money?"

Sheldon confessed that was the truth.

"Now, sir, isn't it the fact that you invested this lady's money for your own advantage, and that, had you been successful, you intended to retain all, or nearly all, the profit, and merely return the lady her \$500, with perhaps \$100 for the use of it?"

"Certainly not, sir. Why should I be suspected at such a thing?"

"Because you were overheard to express that intention to Nolan Wednesday morning in the little bank."

"Why told you such a thing?"

"Do you deny it?"

"I do. I never said such a thing."

"Were you in the little bank that morning with Nolan?"

Sheldon admitted that he was. Smith pushed

the button again and told Tommy to send Nolan in. The junior clerk appeared.

"Nolan, you were in the little bank with Sheldon on Wednesday morning?"

"Yes, sir. I went in there with him. It was before our office hour."

"You remember that Sheldon told you he was long on 50 shares of St. Paul, don't you?" said Smith, sharply.

"I believe he did say something to that effect, and was \$2,400 ahead on the deal," admitted Nolan.

"Didn't you express some surprise at Sheldon being financially able to buy 50 shares of St. Paul on margin, when he was in arrears to his late landlady for \$20 for room rent?"

"Yes, sir," said Nolan, reluctantly.

"And Sheldon told you he had borrowed the \$500 of a widow uptown. That a lady friend had, to use his own expression, put him up to her? Isn't that so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, sir," said Smith, turning to Sheldon, "do you deny the admissions made by Nolan? He has corroborated the story of the person who heard the conversation and, at my request, repeated it to me."

"Who was the person?" said Sheldon.

"This young man," said the broker, indicating Bob. "He sat in front of you and Nolan that morning, and heard all that passed between you."

Sheldon glared at Bob.

"I've got nothing to say, sir," he said, doggedly.

"I take that as a tacit admission on your part. Now what are you going to do about returning this lady her money?" asked Smith, after dismissing Nolan.

"I'll have to pay her in instalments."

"Very well. I'll give you your choice between signing an agreement authorizing the firm to pay her \$10 a week out of your wages or leaving the office."

"I can't get along on \$8," protested Nolan.

"I think you can, with economy. At any rate, you have to or quit our employ without a recommendation. It is up to you to say which it shall be."

"I agree," said Sheldon.

"Very well. The stenographer shall draw up this paper at my dictation, and then you will sign it. You can retire."

As the entry clerk walked out, Smith also dismissed Bob.

"I'll get square with you for this, young man," hissed Sheldon as Bob passed him on his way to the corridor door.

"All right," replied Bob, nonchalantly, "please yourself."

Then he walked back to his own office.

CHAPTER V.—From Office Boy to Broker.

Mr. Pitman's affairs were so badly involved that the assignee found it impossible to settle with the creditors on a basis that would permit the broker to retain his seat in the Exchange and continue in business. So the seat was sold to the highest bidder and the business turned over

to Smith, McNab & Co. Circular letters, signed by Mr. Pitman were sent to all his customers informing them that he had retired from Wall Street, and that hereafter Smith, McNab & Co. would be pleased to execute their orders with the same attention and dispatch that had characterized the Pitman establishment. Mr. Smith engaged the cashier to act as chief clerk, owing to his familiarity with Mr. Pitman's business, and also hired one of the bookkeepers to assist him. The safe and all books, papers and other documents were removed to the counting-room of Pitman's successors, and Bob was offered the position as messenger to act in conjunction with Tommy Dodd. As he did not care to work in the same office with Stewart Sheldon, and as he was independently well off for a young chap of his age, he declined the offer.

When he learned that the office was going out of business, the idea struck him that, with the capital he had acquired, he ought to be able to do a whole lot better on his own hook than running his feet off for any brokerage house. So, after declining Mr. Smith's offer, he started to look around for a small office to hang up his shingle. It was rather a nervy proceeding on his part, but then he was ambitious to do something worth while, and since he had finances enough to make a start in a modest way, he judged that he couldn't do better than take the bull by the horns. He found a room to rent on the sixth floor of the building adjoining the one where he had been employed since he came to Wall Street, hired it, furnished it to suit his needs, and had his name put on the door as follows: "Robert Blakeley, Stocks and Bonds. Dealer in All Kinds of Marketable Securities."

He got out a business card setting forth the above, together with the information that he was located at "Room 614, Anchor Building, Wall Street, New York City."

He also inserted a standing advertisement in two or three of the financial papers, and in one evening daily. He said nothing to the Ralstons about this change in his affairs. In fact, he did not even inform them that his late boss had gone out of business, and that he was no longer drawing pay as an office boy. He mailed a card to Miss Jessica Davis, and invited her to call and see him some day when she felt like coming to Wall Street. He told her to either write to him or call him up on the telephone so that he could make certain of being in to receive her. Of course, he told his particular friend, Will Conant, who was attending the Law Department at Columbia College, and asked him to call. About the time he had everything ship-shape, he ran against Tommy Dodd as he was on his way to lunch.

"Hello, Tommy, how's things at Smith, McNab & Co.?" he asked.

"Same as usual. A little less work for me since the slump. Who are you working for now?" asked Tommy.

"I'm working for myself," replied Bob.

"What are you doing?"

Bob fished out one of his business cards and handed it to Tommy.

"Robert Blakeley, Stocks and Bonds. Dealer in All Kinds of——" read Tommy, his amaze-

ment growing as he took in the meaning. "Great grasshoppers! Are you a broker, Bob!" he cried.

"I'm trying to be one. A fellow has got to learn the stroke before he can swim, you know," replied Bob.

"From office boy to broker is something of a stunt. Gosh, it takes my breath away!"

"Does it? Well, air is cheap. Breathe in some fresh ozone."

"You must have saved up your money."

"Sure thing. It takes capital to go into the brokerage business."

"Did you hire all the clerks that worked for Pitman?" grinned Tommy.

"Hardly. I have to get business first."

"Why didn't you buy Pitman's?"

"Your bosses got ahead of me."

"How do you expect to get business? Drum it up?"

"Oh, I'll get it by and by as soon as the lambs get over the recent scare."

"And in the meanwhile?"

"I'm not worrying about the meanwhile."

"I'll come and see you when I get a chance."

"Do. Don't be bashful about it. All my friends are welcome."

"Say, Sheldon is down on you like a load of bricks. He told the clerks you nearly got him fired. He says he's going to get square with you for it."

"He told me the same thing."

"He means it, and Nolan is kind of sore on you, too. Better look out for them. They'll pickle you if they can."

"I'm not afraid of them," said Bob as they parted company.

On his way back from lunch Bob stopped at the Curb market to see how things were getting on there. He found things quiet and did not stay long. Northern Pacific was the only stock in the big Exchange that seemed to engage the attention of the brokers. Unaccountable as the fact may seem, this stock was in no way affected by the late slump. During the panic when all the other stocks were dropping in price this road not only did not go down, but kept going up. The Street recognized that it was cornered by big interests, and these interests were able to keep it to the front. Ever since it had been the ruling figure in the market, while the other stocks were away off compared with their prices before the slump.

When Bob got back to his office he saw by his ticker that it had gone up since the morning several points. He was not tempted to get in on it, for it looked like a dangerous proposition. That afternoon Tom Ralston, having been sent downtown on business, took the opportunity to look in at Wall Street. He went to the Oriole Building and was carried up to the third floor. His intention was to call at Pitman's office to see Bob. He had been there twice before and knew just where the office was. When he reached the door he was surprised to see only the number of the room on it.

"I must be on the wrong floor," he thought.

Then he saw Smith, McNab & Co.'s name next door, and he remembered that firm was next to Pitman's. He tried the door of the waiting-room formerly occupied by Pitman, and found it locked.

"Pitman must have moved away," he said. "Bob never said anything about it."

Just then Tommy Dodd came out of his office bound on an errand.

"Say, where has Pitman moved to?" asked Tom Ralston.

"He didn't move. He went out of business. We're looking after his customers. Go and see our cashier."

"I called to see Bob Blakeley, Pitman's office boy. I'm his cousin. He lives with us and I see him every day. He hasn't said a word about his boss going out of business. I guess you're giving me taffy."

"It's funny if you see Blakeley every day that he didn't tell you that his shop went up. Why, Pitman closed up about a week ago."

"The dickens he did," said the surprised and puzzled Ralston.

"If you want to see Bob Blakely, I can tell you where he's holding out."

"Where?"

"Sixth floor of the Anchor Building."

"Who is he working for?"

"Himself."

"What's he doing?" asked the still more astonished Tom.

"Say, look here, are you his cousin?"

"Yes."

"And he lives at your house?"

"Yes."

"And you don't know he's in business for himself?"

"No. He never told me a word about it, nor that Pitman had given up."

"That's pretty good. May be doesn't want you to know it."

"I don't see any reason why he should be so close about it. I never knew him to hold any thing back before."

"Well, you'll find him where I told you. If he's keeping his business to himself, I'm sorry I told you, for he might get mad at me over it, and I don't want to scrap with him. He's a good fellow."

"What kind of business is he in?" asked Ralston, curiously, as they walked to the elevator.

"You'll have to ask him. I haven't any more information to give out."

So Tom Ralston went to the Anchor Building and asked the elevator man if Bob Blakeley had an office there.

"Yes, a party named Blakeley, a young chap, has moved in here this week. His office is on the sixth floor, No. 614."

Tom went up to the sixth floor and looked for the number. He found it at the back of one of the corridors. He saw "Robert Blakeley, Stocks and Bonds," on the door.

"Holy smoke! That sounds like a broker. How could he go into business without money? And why hasn't he told us anything about it?"

He opened the door and saw his cousin seated at his desk reading a Wall Street daily.

CHAPTER VI.—Knocked Out.

"Well, you're a nice two-and-sixpence, you are," said Tom, coming as far as the railing that Bob

had built to keep people at a distance till invited inside.

"Hello, Tom, is that you?" said Bob, surprised at seeing his cousin, but never turning a hair. "Come in and help yourself to a chair."

"What does this mean?" asked Tom.

"What are you talking about?"

"You appear to be in business on your own hook."

"What of it? This is a free country, isn't it?"

"Sure. But where did you get the dough to start up? Somebody must be backing you."

"Think so?"

"Of course I do. You haven't any money of your own."

"You seem to know all about it."

"I never heard you had any. Why didn't you tell us that Pitman had given up, and that you had taken this office?"

"I wanted to surprise you all. I see no reason why I should tell my business till I get ready to do so."

"But my father and mother are your uncle and aunt. You ought to have told them. At any rate, you might have told me. We're good friends."

"Well, you know all about it now," said Bob.

"No, I don't. I don't know how you got the money to back you."

"Don't let that worry you. It isn't worrying me."

"What's the use of making a secret of it?"

"I'm not letting all of my business get away from me. How do you like my office?"

"It's fine. How much business are you doing?"

"Not a great deal yet. You don't notice any rush of customers, do you?"

"I don't see any at all."

"You haven't come in at the right time to see them," chuckled Bob.

"What time do they come around?"

"When the market is booming. Just now it's off color."

Tom stayed fifteen minutes longer and then said he had to get back to the office or his father would make a howl. After finishing the paper Bob felt lonesome and he went around to the little bank. There was no excitement there, like there had been before the slump, and the room was barely half full. The other half had probably been cleaned out by the panic. Bob got talking to an elderly man about the condition of the market. He had been a speculator for many years. His average winnings just about paid his living expenses and a little over. During the boom he had made money, and having sold out before the slump came on, he was better off now than he had been for a long time. Bob was sitting in his office around four, thinking of quitting for the day, when Will Conant came in.

"Glad to see you, Will. Take a seat. What do you think of my den?"

"It's a first-rate office. Are you doing anything yet?"

"No. I've only just opened up. Besides, the market is rotten."

"I think I've a pointer for you."

"What is it, and how did you get it?"

"One of the professors has a number of Wall Street friends. One of them was up to see him to-day, and I overheard part of the talk between them. The broker told the professor to buy N. & O. He said a syndicate had been formed to take advantage of the drop in price, corner it and then boom it."

"You think this pointer can be depended on?"

"I don't see why not. The broker seemed to know what he was talking about, and as he's a particular friend of the professor's, he wouldn't tell the instructor to buy N. & O. if there wasn't something in it."

"Well, I may take a shy at the stock. If I should do so, and win something, I'll make it all right with you."

"Oh, that's all right. You're welcome to the tip."

"Well, let's go home," said Bob. "I'm through for the day."

Will was ready to go, and they went uptown together. At the supper-table that evening it soon became evident that Tom Ralston had told his father and mother about the change in Bob's business relations. His uncle and aunt were both curious to learn more on the subject, but Bob was not particularly eager to satisfy their curiosity.

"How came you to go into business?" asked his uncle.

"I thought I'd like to be my own boss," answered Bob.

"I don't see where you got the money from to rent an office in a Wall Street building where rents are high."

"I saved my pennies, and the dollars took care of themselves."

"I don't see what you could save out of \$8 a week."

Bob made no reply.

"Somebody must have loaned you the money," insisted Mr. Ralston.

"I don't know anybody who would be so kind. People in Wall Street are not in the habit of loaning money without good security."

"Then where did you get the money to pay office rent and furnish the place?"

"Well, if you must know the truth, I made it out of the market."

"How did you make it out of the market?"

"That's a business secret of mine," said Bob, tired of his uncle's inquisitive questions.

"What can you expect to do in Wall Street? You're only a boy. You'll bust up and then you won't have any money to pay your board."

"When I reach that stage, if I ever do, I won't ask you to support me," retorted the boy.

"Where would you go? You'd starve."

"All right," said Bob, and after that he refused to answer any more questions about his office. Next morning he made some inquiries about N. & O., and finally decided to buy 1,000 shares of the stock. The little bank got it for him at 86. Next day was Saturday and Bob was preparing to leave about one, when two men, with heavy beards covering their faces, entered the office.

"Do you sell mining stock?" said one of them.

"Certainly," replied Bob. "Have you any for sale?"

"I have 10,000 shares of Little Silver that I wish to dispose of."

Bob knew that Little Silver was a mine with a good record, so he told the man to step inside the rail and he would talk to him. The man stepped in and the other followed.

"What is your name?" asked the young broker, pointing at a chair.

"My name is Clincher, and yours is Mud," said the visitor.

He grabbed Bob and pulled him out of his chair. The other seized Bob by the other arm.

"What in thunder do you mean?" cried the boy, struggling with them.

"My name is Holdfast," said the other, tightening his grasp on Bob.

"Take your hands off of me and get out of the office," said Bob.

They dragged him about the room and finally tripped him up near his desk. Bob struck his head in falling and lost consciousness. When the two men saw that the boy was insensible they let go of him.

"I guess we'd better go before somebody comes in and takes us for a couple of crooks," said the shorter of the two visitors.

"Don't be in a hurry," said the other. "Let's see what he got in his desk."

He pulled out one of the drawers, and found it contained a lot of printed matter Bob had received from his printer.

"What a nerve he has to go into business as a broker!" he said. It's enough to make a horse laugh."

With that he dumped the printed matter all over the prostrate boy, and laid the drawer on top of him. The speaker then pulled out the next drawer, which contained a few letters and Bob's new account books. He emptied these over the young broker and dropped the drawer on top of them. The third drawer held a number of financial newspapers. The bearded man piled them, together with the drawer, on top of the boy.

"Now we'll put the empty desk on top of his legs—that'll pin him down for a while after he get his senses back," he said, with a malicious laugh.

"He'll think a cyclone struck his office," laughed the other bearded one.

They lifted the desk, swung it around and were about to carry out their purpose when they heard footsteps approaching along the corridor. Although the chances of more visitors to Bob's office were about one in a hundred, the two bearded fellows, remembering that the door was not locked, got rattled, dropped the desk and crouched down behind it. The footsteps outside, as luck would have it, came right to the office, the door opened and Will Conant, accompanied by Jessica Davis, appeared in the opening.

"Good heavens, what's happened to Bob?" cried Will, apprehensively, when he and Jessica entered the office.

The girl uttered a smothered shriek as she saw the motionless form of the boy broker partly covered with empty desk drawers, papers and other articles.

"Is he dead? Has he been murdered?" she tremblingly asked.

Will stepped forward and look down at his

friend. There was not a move from Bob. He was almost afraid to investigate lest he find that Bob was indeed dead. Then he realized that he must act, for if a crime had been committed the alarm must be sent out at once for the capture of the rascal or rascals who had perpetrated it. He knelt down, shoved the empty drawers off Bob, and turned him over. The young broker did not wear the ghastly look of a corpse and Will took courage. He put his hand inside his friend's vest over his heart, and found that his heart was beating in its natural way.

"He's not dead," he said.

"Thank heaven for that!" exclaimed Jessica, clasping her hands together with a look of relief. She was more deeply interested in Bob than she would admit.

Will's announcement emboldened her to come closer. Then she spied the blood on the young broker's hair where he had received the scalp wound in falling.

"Oh!" she cried, in a startled tone. "He is hurt—on the head."

"Where—oh, here," said Will.

He looked at the wound and saw that it did not amount to much, though his first impression was that Bob had been shot.

"Are you sure?" asked Jessica, anxiously.

"Yes. He must have hit his head against the desk when he fell. Will you run to the elevator, stop the first car going down and tell the men to send up the janitor, or somebody else, to Room 614, as the tenant has been hurt."

"Yes, yes," said the girl, starting on her errand. The two men hiding behind the desk, so far undiscovered, came to the conclusion that they must make their escape in a hurry before the janitor came on the scene. After a whispered consultation, they rose up, rushed to the door and disappeared into the corridor, shutting the door after them, and then taking to the stairway, down which they hastened.

"Great Scott!" gasped Will, too staggered by their sudden appearance in the room to make any attempt to stop the strangers. "Those are the rascals who knocked Bob out and rifled his desk."

Recovering himself, he jumped up and rushed to the door, but by that time the bearded men were gone.

CHAPTER VII.—Sheldon Humbled.

Will ran over to the elevator and found Jessica talking to the elevator man.

"Bob Blakeley, the tenant of Room 614, is the victim of an assault and robbery," he said, excitedly. "The two men who attacked him were in the room when this young lady and I arrived. They were hiding behind the desk. A moment after I sent Miss Davis here to tell one of you people to send up the janitor the rascals suddenly made their appearance and ran out of the room. They must have taken to the stairs. Both of them wore heavy beards. You ought to be able to reach the ground floor before they do. If you do have them held up, don't let them reach the street."

The elevator man shut the door of his cage and descended. Will took Jessica back to the

office, where they found Bob standing up, looking ruefully at the wreck about his misplaced desk.

"Come to, have you?" said Will.

"Hello, Will. How do you do, Miss Davis. I've just been up against a rough-house treatment from a couple of rascals who took me off my guard," said Bob.

"Yes, we know all about it."

"You know all about it?" asked Bob, in surprise.

"We know in a general way what happened to you after you were knocked out. We came in here about ten minutes ago and found you stretched out on the floor, face downward, with all that stuff and those empty drawers piled on top of you. We thought at first you had been murdered, and Miss Davis was pretty well startled. I soon found that you were only unconscious. I sent Miss Davis to get one of the elevator men to send up the janitor. She had hardly gone away when two bearded men jumped from behind that desk, where they had been hiding all the time, and ran out of the room. I started after them, but they were out of sight. I figured they had taken to the stairs, and I told the elevator man to head them off if he could."

"The two bearded men you saw are the fellows who attacked me," said Bob.

"Of course, or they wouldn't have been in the room."

"They made a pretty muss of my place. They ransacked my desk for something of value, but as I didn't have anything in it worth stealing, they had their trouble for nothing. Help me pick up and sort my my printed matter."

At that moment the janitor came in.

"What's happened here?" he asked.

The case was explained to him.

"The two men were not caught downstairs, then?" said Will.

"Not at the time when I came up," replied the janitor. "They probably went down the back stairs and made their escape by way of the Pine street exit."

"You'd know them again if you saw them, wouldn't you, Bob?"

"I surely would."

"I got a fleeting glimpse of them, but I saw they had heavy beards."

"You'd better notify the police, janitor," said Bob.

The janitor looked up Police Headquarters in the telephone book and they had the connection made.

"You'd better tell the story yourself," said the janitor to the young broker.

Bob went to the 'phone, leaving Will and Miss Davis to straighten out things for him.

"Hello, this must belong to Bob," said Will, showing Jessica a seal ring he had found on the floor under the newspapers.

"Those initials are not his," said the girl, after looking at it. "They represent two S's in a scroll. I saw a ring like that on Mr. Sheldon's finger when he called to see my mother about investing her money."

"His name is Stewart Sheldon, isn't it?" said Will.

"Yes."

"Then this ring would suit him first rate. Rather a coincidence, isn't it? Maybe Bob found it on the street. I'll ask him."

When Bob finished at the telephone, Will showed him the ring and asked him where he got it.

"I didn't have that ring. Where did you find it?" he asked.

"Right here on the floor, concealed under one of the newspapers."

"It must belong to one of the rascals. It slipped off his finger in the struggle I put up. It may prove a clew to the police."

"Miss Davis says that Clerk Sheldon, who worked the bunco game on her mother, wears an exact duplicate of that ring. At any rate, the initials are the same as his. I suppose you can pick up a ring like that in any large jewelry store, and have your initials engraved in the stone."

When Bob heard Sheldon's name mentioned a sudden suspicion entered his mind. The clerk had threatened to get square with him, and Tommy Dodd had told him that Timothy Nolan was likely to help him do it. The two rascals were the physical counterparts, beards excepted, of Sheldon and Nolan, and he now thought that the voice of the man who had addressed him sounded something like Sheldon's. They would have found no difficulty in procuring two false beards to fit their faces from any customer. And the ring, which Miss Davis had recognized as being a facsimile of the one she had seen on Sheldon's hand—that almost clinched the matter. Bob mentioned his suspicions to Will and Jessica, and his reasons for entertaining them, and both were agreed that there was something in them. The desk was returned to its proper place, the drawers replaced and their contents returned to them. The three then sat down to wait for the coming of a policeman. In the course of twenty minutes a detective in plain clothes was brought up by the janitor.

Bob told his experience with the two bearded men, and Will and Miss Davis told how they had found the young broker on their arrival at the office to visit him. Will also described the exit of the two bearded men he saw.

"What did you lose?" asked the detective.

"Nothing," replied Bob. "I believe it was a job put up on me by two clerks named Sheldon and Nolan, connected with the brokerage office of Smith, McNab & Co., in the Oriole Building. My reasons for suspecting them are: first, Sheldon threatened to get square with me for some evidence I gave against him to Mr. Smith; second, Tommy Todd, the office boy with Smith, McNab & Co. told me to look out for both Sheldon and Nolan, as he said the latter was also sore on me on account of the evidence I gave against Sheldon; third, the two chaps who mussed me up bore a physical likeness to Sheldon and Nolan, but having beards, which I believe were false, I did not recognize them; fourth and last, we found this ring on the floor where the trouble took place. It is the counterpart of one Miss Davis—this young lady—saw on Sheldon's finger when he visited her mother one evening and practically buncoed her out of \$500, which his employers have compelled him to agree to return in \$10

instalments. You will see the initials on it are two S's entwined. His first name is Stewart."

"Could you identify them if they were arrested?" asked the officer.

"With their beards on I could, otherwise I think it doubtful."

"Can this young lady swear that she saw this ring, or its counterpart, on Sheldon's finger?"

"I can," replied the girl.

"There is enough circumstantial evidence to warrant their arrest on suspicion. Will you prosecute them?" asked the detective of the young broker.

"I will," said Bob.

"I will take the ring and I will visit several well-known costumers and see if I can learn if two young men hired full black beards of one of them recently. That's the best way to spot them in case your suspicions are well founded. Where do you live? I may want to see you before Monday."

Bob gave his Bronx address. After a few more remarks the detective went away. Bob and his visitors remained a while and then they started uptown. At the first costumer's place the detective visited he found that the proprietor had rented two black beards to two well-dressed young men two days before. They explained that they wanted to use them in a private theatrical entertainment, and would return them Saturday afternoon.

"Have they called yet?" asked the officer.

"No."

"I'll wait a while and see if they do. You took their names and addresses, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; we invariably do that. If we have any doubts about a customer we send the articles hired to the address given to make sure it is all right."

"You didn't do it in this case?"

"No. The beards are not very valuable, and the young men looked thoroughly reliable."

"What names did they give?"

"William Stewart and George Jones," said the costumer, looking in his book.

"What addresses did they give?"

The costumer read them off and the officer took them down.

"I will sit over by that window and read my afternoon paper. If one or both of the young men call with the beards let me know at once," said the detective.

"May I ask if you are connected with the police department?" asked the costumer.

For an answer the sleuth opened his coat and displayed his badge. The costumer bowed and promised to obey his request. Nearly an hour passed and then Stewart Sheldon entered the place alone.

"I called to return the beards that I and my friend hired of you," he said, laying a small package on the costumer's desk. The costumer looked toward the window and caught the detective's eye. He made a sign and the detective advanced.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Stewart," said the costumer.

"Good-afternoon," said Sheldon.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Stewart Sheldon?" said the sleuth.

The margin clerk flushed and gazed hard at the stranger.

"I don't remember having seen you before," he said, in a constrained tone.

"You are employed by Smith, McNab & Co., of Wall Street. Don't you recognize me as a customer of the house? I recognize you as the margin clerk."

"Well, you have the advantage of me. I don't remember your face."

"I noticed that you wore a seal ring with your initials on it. You don't appear to have it on now. Did you lose it?"

"No, sir, I didn't lose it. I am not wearing it at present."

"Then the seal ring which I picked up on Wall Street this afternoon isn't yours, then? It is as like yours as one pea to another. I supposed you had lost your ring and I was about to return it to you."

"Let me see the ring you found, please," said Sheldon, who had not missed his ring until after he and Nolan had reached Nassau street on their way uptown.

The detective took it out of his pocket and showed it to him.

"You picked this up on Wall Street, you say?"

"Is it yours?"

Sheldon hesitated. He knew it was his ring, but something told him there was danger in admitting that it was his property.

"It looks exactly like mine, but I haven't to my knowledge, lost mine. If you will give me your name and address I will let you know whether I have made a mistake or not about mine being at my room."

"But those are your initials, aren't they?"

"Of course."

"Your ring was made to order, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Say, when you and your friend Nolan hired a couple of black beards here day before yesterday, why did you give fictitious names and addresses?"

"Eh?" ejaculated Sheldon, nervously.

The detective repeated the question.

"Why—er——" hesitated the clerk. "What do you mean?"

"Are those the beards you rented to this young man and his friend?" asked the sleuth of the costumer, who had opened the package.

"Those are the ones," was the reply.

"Wrap them up and hand them to me. Sheldon, I arrest you on the charge of assaulting Robert Blakeley, of the Anchor Building, Wall Street, this afternoon."

"You arrest me!" gasped Sheldon, in a dazed way.

"Exactly. I am a Headquarters detective, and you must come with me."

Sheldon almost collapsed. He was forced to go with the officer, and was locked up at Headquarters. Two hours later Nolan was brought in and taken to the same cell and locked in with the margin clerk. The excited conversation that took place between them was overheard by two officers stationed in the next cell. The wall between was pierced with listening holes through which the police were accustomed to secure evi-

dence against suspected persons. Later both of the young men were taken to the Tombs and locked up in separate cells.

Next morning the beards were put on their faces, and they were stood in different parts of a line made up of crooks and prison attaches. Bob was brought in, and identified them as the men who assaulted him. Later they were brought up before the magistrate for examination, and were held in \$500 bail for the action of the Grand Jury. Sheldon sent for Mr. McNab, and when that gentleman came, he begged him to bail himself and Nolan out. He admitted his guilt, but said that the whole thing was only intended as a joke. As Sheldon was not in much favor in the office since the Mrs. Davis affair, McNab declined to do it until he had seen Mr. Smith, so the young men had to remain in their cells. Next morning Sheldon sent a note to Bob, explained that the scene at his office was intended as a joke, and asked him to withdraw his charge. Bob visited him at the Tombs, had a talk with him, and then called on the magistrate and had a talk with him. After considerable trouble Bob was permitted to withdraw the charge, and the accused were allowed to go free. They both made a very humble apology to the young broker, and returned to work at their office. The only reason the firm permitted Sheldon to resume his duties was because Mr. Smith was interested in seeing Mrs. Davis get her \$500 back. And that was the reason why Bob let up on them.

CHAPTER VIII.—Nolan Makes A Proposition.

On Tuesday N. & O. began going up, and by the end of the week it was attracting attention at 92. On the following Wednesday it was up to 98. The rise in this stock caused the general market to pick up, but nevertheless there was no great amount of business done. The lambs had been bitten too hard by the late slump, and they either had no money or no enthusiasm to take hold again. Bob held on till it reached 102, and then sold, making a profit of \$16,000. He presented Will with five per cent. of this, and put the rest of the cash in his safe deposit box. He now felt pretty independent, for he was worth \$41,000. The news had by this time leaked out that there was a boy broker in the Anchor Building, and many of the traders were curious to learn who he was, and how much of a financial backing he had. Business being slow, and customers few, the prospect of "scalping" the Wall Street infant, as he was called, afforded the chance of recreation and profit.

Inquiry developed the fact that Bob Blakeley had been Pitman's messenger before that trader had been forced out of the Street. A quartette of traders ventured to intrude on Bob and make his acquaintance. He gave them a cordial welcome and told them to make themselves at home, when they proceeded to do preparatory to pumping him.

"You're rather young to start out for yourself, young man," said Broker Fay, by way of a starter.

"I guess I'm the youngest trader in the Street," admitted Bob.

"Are you doing any business?"

"Is anybody doing any business?" returned Bob.

"Not a whole lot at present. How did you get your start? Make a big winning out of the market previous to the slump? We had a regiment of paper millionaires those days, but when the decline set in so suddenly as to take their breath away, they returned their stage money to the property man and went back to the humdrum ways of making a living," laughed the broker.

"Really, Mr. Fay, I cannot answer your question. It is one of my business secrets."

"Meaning that you don't care to explain how you got your start?" said Fay.

"That's about the size of it."

"You must have quite a tidy bank account or you couldn't open up."

"I haven't any bank account at all. The banks don't cater to minors."

"I guess you're right. I suppose that safe of your is bursting with cash?"

"I wish it were, I'd start a bank of my own."

"How came you to start up on the heels of such a slump as the Street has experienced? Several brokers I know would be glad to get out if they could do so without suffering a loss."

"Oh, I thought I'd start up so as to get acquainted before the next rush of business developed."

"I fancy from the present outlook that you'll have plenty of time to get acquainted."

"Well, time and myself are on easy terms. I won't be able to vote for over two years yet. By that time I hope to have enough money to build a skyscraper."

"You are very moderate in your expectations. Do you expect to make it out of the customers you are looking for, or by speculating on your private account?"

"I am not saying."

"Are you doing anything in that line now?"

"No."

"I think I could put you on to something good."

"What is it?"

"Virginia Coal & Iron. The slump knocked the underpinning from it and it is down to bedrock now. I could sell you a few shares if you'd like to tackle it. It's bound to go up in the near future."

"And in the meanwhile my capital would be tied up in it. No, I'd rather not. I prefer to take hold of something that is already moving."

"Then I can recommend Riverhead Traction. It is going at 30, with an upward trend. Went up a point and an eighth to-day. Gaylor here has 1,000 shares he'll sell you at the market, either outright or on margin."

Bob declined to invest. The visitors continued their efforts to pump him, but without effect. Finally they went away. That afternoon a broker named Weiss called and asked him if he had any O. & H. It was only a bluff on the trader's part, as he did not expect that Bob had any. His object was to try and see if he could make anything out of the boy. He found Bob wasn't an easy mark by a long shot.

"I couldn't do anything with him," he told another broker on the Street. "If you people

think he's easy to work, go and try him. I found him right up to the minute in everything. However, I did learn one thing. He's got money."

"What good will that do anybody if he knows how to hold to it?"

"We must pull some trick off on him. That's the only way to reach his pile."

"What kind of a trick?"

"Want to go with me?"

"Yes, if you think there's anything to be made out of him."

"Come over to my office. We'll talk it over."

While Weiss was conniving with his friend Baumgarten to separate Bob from a part of his capital, Brokers Fay and Golding were closeted together in the former's office with the same desirable end in view. At the very same time Bob was in his office reading a Western paper. The hour was between twelve and one. The door opened and, to Bob's surprise, Nolan walked in.

"Can I come inside the rail?" the visitor asked.

"Yes, if you haven't got a Gatling gun up your sleeve," returned Bob.

"I'm not here to hurt you. My call is a friendly one."

"I hope it is."

"You don't think I'm a fool to try any more jokes on you after the way Sheldon and I squeezed out of the last one, do you?" said Nolan, seating himself beside the desk.

"It would hardly be profitable to you," replied Bob.

"I came here to put you on to a good thing."

"That is very kind of you, Nolan," said Bob, sarcastically.

"I see you're suspicious of me, but you needn't be. I assure you this will put money in your pocket."

"Are you anxious to put money in my pocket?"

"Frankly, I'm not; but in this case I see a chance of putting money in my own and Sheldon's as well."

"Don't mention the fellow. I have no use for him, or for any other man that will deliberately try to skin a comparatively poor widow out of her small capital."

"I'm not trying to defend him. It was a mean trick, I'll admit, but he gained nothing by it. He is being soaked \$10 a week out of his wages to repay the lady, and he finds it pretty hard on him."

"Serves him right."

"Don't let us talk about that. If you will go into this thing you'll help the widow get her money back in a lump."

"How will I?"

"I'll show you, but you must promise not to breathe a word of what I tell you. I am willing to accept your word, for I am satisfied you will keep it."

"I'll listen to you."

"If Sheldon and I had any money I wouldn't be here handing you out a winning pointer. We're not in love with you, but private sentiments have got to give way to business. You have money——"

"How do you know I have?"

"You wouldn't be able to run this office if you didn't have any."

"Well, go on."

"You have money to put up on a deal and we haven't. We have the tip that is a sure winner."

"What makes you think it is?"

"Sheldon accidentally found out the facts when he was in McNab's room this morning."

"What did he find out?"

"You will consider the communication confidential if I tell you?"

"Yes."

"All right. He learned that a syndicate has been formed to corner and boom L. & M. You ought to have enough money to buy 500 shares on margin. The stock is going at 80. The members of the syndicate expect to boom it to par, perhaps above that. Sheldon counts on it going up 20 points, at any rate. He sent me around to see if I couldn't induce you to go into the deal, and in return for the tip pay us 25 per cent. of your winnings. He says you ought to be satisfied to make 75 cents out of a dollar with hardly any risk. What do you say?"

"I'll agree to use your tip if you can bring me some real evidence that a syndicate is going to corner and boom L. & M., and I'll give you chaps 25 per cent. of my profits. Your word alone is not substantial enough to me to risk \$5,000," said Bob.

"Will you talk to Sheldon if he calls on you about it? He probably can satisfy you that the tip is all right."

"Yes, I'll see him if he calls."

"Will you be here a little after five to-day?"

"I will make it a point to remain," said the young broker, who was interested in seeing the thing through.

He was half afraid Sheldon and Nolan were up to some game, and he wanted to find out whether they were or not.

"I'll tell him. We'll both come around as soon as we get off work."

That ended the interview. Nolan left to snatch a hasty lunch, and Bob soon went out to his lunch.

CHAPTER IX.—The Writing That Vanished.

While he was out Bob made some inquiries about L. & M., but learned nothing which indicated that a syndicate was interested in it. Shortly after he got back, Broker Golding called to see him. He was one of the quartette who called a few days before and introduced themselves.

"Say, Blakeley, a number of us chaps are forming a pool to buy a block of Lake Shore. Want to go in? We'll let you in for a small interest for \$10,000, but the rest of us are putting in \$25,000."

"Expect the stock to go up?" said Bob.

"Of course. What do you suppose we are going long for?"

"I haven't noticed any movement in Lake Shore."

"You'll see an upward trend to-morrow or the day after."

"I expect to have use for my little money to-morrow or next day, so I won't be able to avail myself of your kind offer," replied Bob, who did not care to go into any pool with others.

His principle was to handle his own money himself and then he always knew where he stood. Golding tried hard to induce Bob to change his mind and go into the pool, but the boy wouldn't, so the broker went away disappointed. Bob acted wisely in holding off, for he would have lost his \$10,000 had he permitted himself to be persuaded. No pool of Lake Shore was being formed in the way Golding had told him. The proposition was a crafty trick to annex his money in a legal way under the guise of an alleged pool. Bob had no other visitors that afternoon until ten minutes after five, when Sheldon and Nolan arrived. The former got right down to business.

"We are not friends, I know, and it is possible you think I am engineering some scheme to rob you, but I assure you I am not. I am giving you the chance to make a bunch of money, though, believe me, I hate to do it; but in doing so I see a way of making a haul myself. I am driven to this proposition because I have no capital. I must either let you make the bulk of the profit out of a sure thing, or give up hope of making anything myself. I am not as sore at you as I was, because you might have sent me up the river for the assault case, but you let up on me. Still I am not so friendly toward you that I would do you a favor if I didn't see the way of making something out of it."

"You are frank, at any rate," said Bob.

"I might as well tell the truth, for you are no fool. Of course, I can't make you believe my statement about L. & M. which I passed on to you through Nolan at noon to-day. If I knew anyone else I could trust who had \$5,000 or \$10,000, don't worry that I would have come near you; but I don't. It is you or nobody."

"Well, let me hear you state the facts—how you got hold of this tip."

Sheldon went into particulars, and Bob took careful note of his words and manner. He was inclined to believe that Sheldon told the truth. If he did, the tip was a good one.

"If I went into this thing I wouldn't agree to hold out for a 20-point rise," said Bob. "I have been successful in my small deals because I never held out for the last dollar. Often I might have made much more than I did if I had held on, but on the whole I am not sorry that I worked conservatively. Had you taken Nolan's advice the morning I heard you two talking at the little bank, you would have made \$2,500, and you could have afforded to have returned Mrs. Davis her money with \$500 bonus for the use of it. That wouldn't have excused you in my eyes, but still you could have settled with her satisfactorily at that rate and there would have been no after trouble. The only reason why I exposed your conversation to Mr. Smith was because I wanted to force you to make a settlement of some kind with the lady, who is a friend of mine. However, that is past and gone now. You are paying her by instalments."

"And it's a heavy drain on me, that is why I want you to hep me out on the tip," said Sheldon. "I take it for granted that you have \$5,000 you can put up. That will get the call on 500 shares. You stand to win \$10,000 if you hold out for a rise of 20 points. If you hold out for only 15 points you will win \$7,500. I shall want 25 per

cent. of that, which will be \$1,800 odd. I can settle in full with Mrs. Davis, and have \$1,000 over, after giving Nolan a small rake-off. You will make over \$5,000. I think I am putting a mighty good thing in your way," said Sheldon.

"Well, Sheldon, I'll think the matter over and let you know to-morrow," said Bob. "If I were as certain about the tip as you appear to be, I wouldn't hesitate at all. In fact, if I had some real evidence of it I'd agree to give you forty per cent. and take all the risk."

"You would!" cried Sheldon, eagerly.

"I would," returned Bob.

"Then I'll try to get it for you. It will be taking a risk of my job, for if I should get caught——"

"You'd better not do anything rash, Sheldon," warned the young broker.

"I must have money. This tip I know is a winner. I've got to prove it to you somehow, for I don't want to get left on it. Forty per cent. would mean \$3,000 to me. I'll take a pretty long chance to make that."

As it was now six o'clock, Bob suggested that the interview come to an end. His visitors had nothing further of importance to say, so they got up and all three left the office. Bob, after thinking the case over, felt convinced that Sheldon had been honest with him, and that the tip was a good one. At any rate, he decided to risk \$5,000 on it, so next morning he went to the little bank and bought 500 L. & M. at 80. At half-past twelve, while he was in the office, Nolan appeared and handed him an envelope.

"Sheldon sent that to you," he said.

Bob opened it and found a note from Sheldon with an enclosure.

"I send you the proof you want," he wrote, briefly.

The "proof" proved to be a written order from a well-known operator to Smith, McNab & Co. to buy every share of L. & M. the firm could get until further orders.

"How did Sheldon get hold of this?" said Bob. Nolan shrugged his shoulders.

"He got it. I must take it back to him, for if it's missed there will be the dickens to pay in our office. Are you satisfied that the tip is a winner?"

"Yes. You can tell Sheldon that I have already bought 500 shares at 80, and that the 40 per cent. agreement goes. He can take my word for it."

"Your word is all right," said Nolan, taking back the order. "You will make a good thing out of the deal."

Bob intended to. He meant to buy 1,500 shares of L. & M. when he went to lunch. As he was putting on his hat, Broker Weiss walked in.

"Going out, Blakeley?" he said.

"To lunch," said Bob.

"Well, I won't detain you but a minute. I am buying a certain stock for a big customer. There's a man named Baumgarten who has 5,000 shares of it that I must have. He won't sell it to me under any conditions because we're on bad terms. I want you to go around to his office and buy it. It will cost you \$25,000. If you have not got that much money, pay down what you can on it, get a memorandum of the

deal from him and fetch it over to my office. No — Broad street, and my cashier will give you a check for the difference. When you bring the certificates to my office I will settle with you and pay you the full commission."

"All right, Mr. Weiss. Write out your order in regular form, and I will attend to it for you," said Bob.

"I have the order here."

Broker Weiss pulled out his wallet, extracted a slip of paper and handed it to Bob. The boy noticed that it was written in a pale blue ink, very like writing fluid, but lighter. It was a regulation order in the customary form, signed by Weiss, and authorized Robert Blakeley to purchase 5,000 shares of Cobalt Copper at \$5 a share, and deliver same at his office.

"Better put the order in your safe as you are going out, or you might lose it. That wouldn't make any difference, however. You'd be safe if you bought the stock on my verbal order. I never go back on any transaction I make," said Weiss.

"I believe gentlemen never do," said Bob, opening his safe and putting the order on a shelf.

Weiss, saying he was in a hurry, left ahead of Bob, who presently went to lunch. On his return he stopped in at Baumgarten's office. That gentleman was in.

"Have you any Cobalt Coper, Mr. Baumgarten?" he asked.

"Want some?" asked the broker.

"Yes. I am looking for \$5,000 shares."

"I have just that quantity. Who do you represent?"

"I am a broker. There is my card."

"Hum! So you are a broker, eh? Rather young, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir, but I'm percently responsible to make good any engagement I enter into," said Bob.

"So? Well, as I don't know you, I must have the cash or a sizable deposit on account. I am asking \$5.10 a share."

"I am paying \$5 a share."

"Make it \$5.05 and it's a go."

"No, sir. I will only give \$5 flat."

"Are you prepared to pay the cash down or a deposit of \$15,000 on account?"

"I will pay all cash if you will send the certificates to my office."

"I will go along with you and get the money, as I have some business in the Anchor Building."

"Very well, sir," said Bob.

Mr. Baumgarten got the stock out of his private safe, wrapped it up, and started with the young broker. Reaching his office, Bob looked the certificates over to see that everything was all right, and finding it was, he opened the safe, counted out \$10,000 of his money and handed the cash to Baumgarten, who gave him a receipt for the money as the purchase price for the stock in question. Baumgarten put the money in his pocket and left the office with a chuckle. Bob sat down at his desk, made out a statement of the transaction between himself and Broker Weiss, charged him with the commission, \$625—a very tidy little sum for a short piece of work.

"Now I'll deliver the certificates and collect my money," said Bob.

He went to the safe and took out Weiss' order.

He glanced at it and, seeing no writing, he turned it over. There was no writing on that side, either. Bob was a bit staggered. He looked in the safe again, but could find no other slip. In fact, he was positive that the blank slip was the right one, for he had noticed a speck of red ink in one corner when Weiss handed it to him, and the speck, which looked like a half-formed star, was still there. The pale blue writing, however, had inexplicably vanished.

"Well, this gets my goat," muttered Bob. "The order seems to have vanished. I never heard of such a thing happening before. If Mr. Weiss should change his mind about taking this stock I could not force him to do it, for I have no order from him to show. However, I guess it's all right. He wants the stock, and he told me that his verbal order would stand as well as his written one. I'll go over to his office right away."

Bob laid the mysterious slip on his window-sill near his desk, put on his hat and, before leaving, looked at the ticker. The first thing he noticed was a slump in Cobalt Copper. The price had dropped to \$2.

"Holy sardines!" ejaculated Bob. "Will Weiss stand by his word now, when I can't produce his order?"

The only thing he could do was to test the matter. He shut up his office and started for Broker Weiss' place of business.

When he saw Weiss that gentleman repudiated the order, saying that he had ordered him to buy the stock at \$3, and asked to see the order. Bob explained matters, showing him the blank paper. Weiss laughed at him. This nettled Bob and he returned to his own office. He laid the blank paper on his desk in the sun, and suddenly he saw that writing was beginning to appear on the paper. Looking at it, he perceived Weiss' order appear in the pale blue ink again. Bob was puzzled. He returned to Weiss' office, but by that time the writing had again disappeared. But Bob was not to be fooled this time. He put the paper around an electric light bulb and the heat brought the writing back. When he saw he was beaten Weiss seized the paper and tore it up, throwing it in the paper basket. Bob was mad. He was buncoed out of \$15,000 by Weiss and Baumgarten.

Broker Morrison called at Bob's office right after he got back and Bob told him about it. Then between them they put up a job on the rescally brokers. Morrison wrote out a false tip, put it in an envelope and took it around to Baumgarten's office. In some manner he managed to drop it near Baumgarten's desk. Morrison then left and Baumgarten read the letter and chuckled as it was signed by a well-known operator.

CHAPTER X.—The Scalping of Weiss.

When Morrison left Weiss's office en route for Baumgarten's, Bob was waiting outside of the building. He immediately rushed in and called on Weiss.

"What brings you back?" growled Weiss.

"I want to know if you intend to do the right thing by me?" said Bob.

"What do you call the right thing?"

"Pay me \$5 for that Cobalt Copper."

"Certainly not. I'll give you \$2 for it."

"That will cause me a loss of \$15,000."

"Hold on to it, then. Maybe it will go up one of these days and you'll get your money back," grinned Weiss.

"Sell me an option on L. & M. for 2,500 shares at ten days at 80. It's going now at 77 7-8. I'll put up five per cent. of the current price."

"Why don't you buy it at the market yourself and make the \$5,000?"

"Because it would cost me twice as much cash, and I haven't got it."

Weiss declined to sell him the option, though there seemed to be \$5,000 profit, less the interest on about \$186,000 for ten days. The truth was Weiss was a wary old bird, and he suspected something. Bob hardly expected he would sell him the option, so after trying to induce Weiss to change his mind he went away, feeling that all depended on the success of Morrison's efforts. Bob had been gone but ten minutes when Baumgarten came in.

"Did you send a broker named Morrison over to me to talk me into a blind pool? he said, as he took a seat beside Weiss' desk.

"I did, to get rid of him. He tried me, but I have no use for blind pools. I judged you would give him the chase, too," said Weiss.

"I did, because he wouldn't tell me the name of the stock he said was going to be raided."

"He wouldn't tell me, either."

"I think I have found out. Read that note. Morrison dropped it out of his pocket. It bears the initials of a big operator—Nesbitt."

Weiss read it and was not a little surprised to see that the very stock the boy broker wanted to buy was the one the syndicate was going to raid. It struck him that somebody had passed Blakeley a fake tip. He regretted now he had not sold him the option. Perhaps it wasn't too late to do it yet. He said nothing about the matter to Baumgarten. He told his friend that it looked like a good thing, but he couldn't take advantage of it because all his money was tied up.

"Well, I'm going to sell 5,000 shares right away," said Baumgarten. "You'd better try and manage to do the same. Good things like this do not fall in our way every day."

"I'll see about it. But you'll have to excuse me, I'm going out."

The boy broker was in waiting to see if the game would work when Weiss was announced.

"I have concluded to help you out on that option, Blakeley," said Weiss. "You said you'd give 81 for 2,500 shares at ten days' call."

"I said I'd give 80. It is now 78, as you can see by the tape."

Weiss looked at the ticker and saw it was so.

"Well, 80, then."

"I've changed my mind about ten days, I want fifteen."

Weiss objected, and a compromise was effected at twelve.

Weiss wrote out the option and the receipt, signing both. Bob handed him the money and the deal was on. After Weiss went away satisfied that the \$9,750 was as good as his own, Bob counted up his resources. He had just \$1,600

cash, and 5,000 shares of Cobalt worth about \$10,000, on which he might be able to raise \$7,500 in an emergency. He had the call on 500 shares of L. & M. at the little bank which he had bought at 80 on a ten per cent. margin. He had a 12-day call on 2,500 more L. & M. shares on Weiss' option. He calculated that if all went well he could clean up between \$40,000 and \$50,000 after giving Sheldon his 40 per cent. rake-off on the 500-share deal. If things didn't go well he stood to lose most if not all the money he had up on his two deals. Even on what looked like a sure tip the whole thing was a game of chance. So Bob awaited the outcome with no little anxiety.

L. & M. went down to 77 that day, and Weiss and Baumgarten both rubbed their hands together and calculated their anticipated profits. Next day it continued to fall and closed at 76 1-2. The following day it rose a little—to 76 7-8. On Saturday it stood at 77 when the market closed at noon. On Monday it took a sudden spurt and went to 82, then dropped back to 81. Tuesday morning it jumped to 90, and both Weiss and Baumgarten had a fit. Wednesday was the seventh day of the run of the option, and L. & M. fell back to 88. Thursday it rose to 93. But Friday it began to boom in earnest and reached par at two o'clock. Baumgarten had been obliged to cover his short sale at big loss, and was out of the worst of it. Weiss, however, was clearly stuck on the option, and he went around his office like a wild man. It didn't make him feel any better when he noticed that Cobalt Copper had gone up to \$4.50.

Bob had not intended to hold on for a par rise in L. & M., but it went up to that figure before he realized the fact. Then he ordered the 500 shares sold at the little bank. He also saw the cashier of the bank and asked him to take over his option at a two-point discount, which would give the bank a profit of \$5,000 for taking whatever risk was connected with it. The bank agreed and sent a messenger to Weiss asking for the stock. Weiss didn't have it, and had to settle at the market price, losing \$50,000. Bob cleared \$45,000 on the option. He made \$6,000 on the 500-share deal, and handed Sheldon \$4,000. The clerk was so tickled at getting so much that he shook hands with Bob and declared that all bad feeling on his part was off. He settled with Mrs. Adams right away and gave her \$250 in addition for the use of her money, quite astonishing the lady. After handing Nolan a \$250 present, he had \$3,000 left, more money that he had ever owned at one time before.

Bob did not tell him that he had made \$45,000 in addition to the \$6,000 out of his tip, as he was afraid Sheldon might demand an additional rake-off. Altogether, Bob was now worth \$92,000 in cash and 5,000 shares of Cobalt Copper, which had gone up to the price he paid for it, namely, \$5. So he could say that he was worth easily over \$100,000. Of course, the news got around that Weiss had been caught by the boy broker to the tune of \$50,000, and a howl of delight followed. Nearly every day after that brokers called on Bob to make his acquaintance, and congratulate him on having got the better of such a foxy chap as Weiss. In this way he gradually came to be well known around the Street.

and was generally sure of meeting some broker he knew when he went out.

He and Morrison held a private high jinks over the success of their scheme, and dined together at one of the swell uptown restaurants. Weiss laid his discomfiture to Baumgarten, and gave that individual Hail Columbia. Baumgarten protested that he was to blame.

"Why, I lost \$35,000 backing that tip. Something must have gone wrong with the syndicate," he said.

"Something went wrong with your brain," snorted Weiss. "The whole thing was a put-up job on both of us, and that boy is at the bottom of it. Why should he ask me to sell him an option on 2,500 shares of that stock? Because he knew the price was going to boom. He was sore on me for sticking him on that Cobalt Copper. But as things have turned out, I didn't stick him at all, for it's gone up to \$5 again. We didn't gain a whole lot after all by the trick we played on him. He got that Morrison to work that bluff game on us, and we were fools to fall to it. It is clear to me now that he dropped that note in your office designedly for you to find and read. That's an old scheme that used to be worked years ago. So many people were caught by it that it ceased to work. It makes me as mad as a hornet to think how easily we were hoodwinked, and by that boy, at that. It has leaked out and the whole Street is laughing in its sleeves at us. I shan't rest till I get square with that boy broker."

CHAPTER XI.—A Double Tip.

That afternoon Bob didn't go home, as usual. Instead, he invited Will to dine with him and then go to one of the theaters. Of course, Will accepted the invitation. They went to the New Amsterdam Theater to see a spectacular piece that was running at that house. Will was acquainted with the chief soubrette of the show, and when the final curtain fell he suggested that they go around to the stage door and wait for her to come out.

"I don't want to put myself on exhibition as a johnny," said Bob, who was not accustomed to frequenting stage doors.

"Maybe we can pass the doorkeeper and get to the stage," said Will.

Then went around, at any rate, and found several vehicles waiting to take away leading performers when they were ready to leave the theater; also several well-dressed men in attendance. Will walked up to the door, entered, and was stopped by the man on guard there. He handed him a card with something written on it. The doorkeeper then allowed him and Bob to pass.

"Who gave you the card?" asked Bob, curiously.

"Miss Sanderson. She told me it would pass me in, and then I was to send word to her dressing-room that I was there."

After some trouble Will managed to send his name to Miss Sanderson. After a time the boys were admitted to the dressing-room and found Miss Sanderson ready to leave the theater. Will introduced Bob, and told the lady that his friend was a Wall Street broker.

"Do you know a Mr. Baumgarten, whose office is on Broad street?" she asked Bob.

"He was introduced to me some time ago, and has been paying me a lot of attention since," said Miss Sanderson. "He took me to supper last evening and gave me a tip on the market. I think I'll get you to buy the stock for me, as I have no regular broker."

"I'll be pleased to execute any order you wish to give me," said Bob.

"Very well. You boys shall ride around to my apartments, and you can take the order there," said the soubrette.

"You're going to supper with us first, aren't you?" said Will.

"No. You'll take supper with me at my apartment," said the lady. She led the way to the stage door where her cab was waiting for her. Miss Sanderson's maid had her mistress's supper ready for her. She was told to lay plates for three and add to the meal. While waiting for supper to be prepared, Miss Sanderson gave Bob her order—100 shares of Iron Mountain pref. on margin, and the lady produced the \$1,000 in bills and handed them to Bob, with the careless air of one accustomed to have plenty of money at her beck and call.

"So Mr. Baumgarten told you this stock was a winner," said Bob.

"Yes. He said it was sure to go up ten points or more inside of ten days."

"What reasons did he give?"

"None at all. He merely told me to buy Iron Mountain preferred. He said I would more than double my money."

Supper was now ready and they sat down to it. It was a light one without any frills on it, and the boys enjoyed it hugely. They took their departure about two o'clock in the morning. Next morning Bob began making inquiries about Iron Mountain pref. after he had executed Miss Sanderson's order, but he found out nothing about it that indicated a coming rise. If a syndicate was behind it, of course, the information was not diffused about the Street. Bob called on Morrison and spoke to him about it, but he couldn't throw any light on the subject. He was in his office later when a stylishly-dressed lady called on him. She said she wanted to sell 100 shares of Iron Mountain pref. short. Bob was surprised at this, but said nothing. He took her order and the \$1,000 she put up. Then she got conversing with him and said that she had received a tip to sell from a well-known operator who told her a syndicate had been formed to bear the stock on the Exchange.

When his fair customer departed, Bob looked at his watch and found it was time to go to lunch. He took the next car down and walked over to Broad street on his way to the Empire Cafe. As he passed down Broad street he was surprised to see his customer talking to Broker Baumgarten. Immediately a luminous idea occurred to him. Baumgarten had sent her to his office with the \$1,000 to make the deal, but chiefly to put him in possession of a losing tip. As they walked slowly down the street Bob slipped up close behind them.

"You handed him the tip about the syndicate

going to bear Iron Mountain, did you?" said Baumgarten.

"Oh, yes," said the lady.

"How did he take it?"

Bob heard no more, as they entered an office entrance in the building where Mr. Baumgarten had his office but he had heard enough to satisfy him that an effort had been made to do him. Bob, being now assured that Miss Sander-son's tip was the real winner, bought 5,000 shares of Iron Mountain pref, after lunch. Several days passed and Iron Mountain, which Bob had bought at 60, went up to 65, and the prospects were it would go higher. By that time the rumor was around the Street that it had been cornered by a syndicate. Bob was waiting in his office when Sheldon came in.

"Say, Blakeley, I've got another tip. I'll sell it to you outright for \$2,000 cash. I want to put up \$5,000 on it, and I've only got \$3,000."

"You'll explain what it is first, won't you?" said Bob.

"Yes. I can trust you all right. You did the square thing with me on L. & M. Well, I suppose you know Iron Mountain preferred has been going up and you've seen it stated there is a syndicate behind it?"

"Yes. Is that your tip?"

"No. My tip is to sell Iron Mountain."

"Sell it with a syndicate booming it?"

"A bigger syndicate has been formed to knock the legs from under it."

"How do you know?"

"Our firm has been hired to help do the selling of enough stock to bust up the syndicate that is booming it. Here is the order I got hold of. You see it's signed by Bradley, one of the biggest operators in the Street. The Bradley bunch have a raft of money at their back and can do about as they please."

There could be no doubt that Sheldon told the truth.

CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

Bob was satisfied that something was going to happen in Iron Mountain. He handed Sheldon the \$2,000 he asked for, and as soon as the clerk had left he went to Morrison's office and told him to sell his stock at the market. On his way back to his office he met Baumgarten.

"Hello, Mr. Baumgarten; how are things?" he said.

"So-so," replied the broker.

"Want to do anything in the option line?"

"In what way?" asked the broker, looking interested.

"Well, I have an idea that Iron Mountain is going to slump. I'd like to sell you an option at 5,000 shares at 66. That's only a point above the market, and I don't believe the stock can be bought much cheaper anyway. I'll take the usual five per cent. deposit."

"I'll take it," said the broker, eagerly. "Come to my office and we'll fix the matter up there."

Bob accompanied him and the deal was put through.

"This is where I do you, Mr. Baumgarten," said the young broker. "Now that you have bought the option, agreeing to pay me 66 for

5,000 Iron Mountain. I don't mind telling you that a lady called on me, and after selling 1,000 shares for herself at 60, she passed me her tip that the stock is going to slump. I'm taking advantage of it, and you will be the first victim."

Baumgarten grinned.

"Go and sell Weiss 5,000, too, and make him your second victim," he said.

"I guess Mr. Weiss has had enough of me."

"Maybe not. Wait a minute."

Baumgarten called Weiss up on the 'phone.

"Blakeley, the boy broker, is in my office. He has just sold me 5,000 Iron Mountain at 66. He thinks it's going to slump. He is willing to sell 5,000 shares more, and I've advised him to call on you. Want to do business with him?"

"Send him to the 'phone."

"Weiss wants to talk with you," said the broker.

"What is it, Mr. Weiss?" asked Bob.

"Did you sell Baumgarten an option on 5,000 Iron Mountain at 66 just now?"

"I did."

"Want to sell another 5,000? I'll buy it."

"I'll be there in ten minutes."

So Bob left Baumgarten's office and went over to Weiss'. The deal was put through between them.

"Here's your deposit Blakely. Now I've got you where I want you. I'll get back at least half of what you did me out of," said Weiss.

"Don't fool yourself, Mr. Weiss. I expect to make you disgorge \$50,000. I don't mind telling you I'm working on a tip."

Weiss looked at the ticker.

"Iron Mountain has gone up another point," he said, rubbing his hands.

"Has it? Then you'd better call on me for the \$5,000 profit you've made so far."

"I'll make more than that out of you before I'm through with you."

"You think you will?" smiled Bob.

Next day Iron Mountain went up to 69, and the two brokers shook hands with each other when they met.

"This is where do do him up," said Weiss, gleefully.

"We surely will," said Baumgarten. "We'll soak him for every cent he's worth."

An hour later Iron Mountain was up to 70, and Weiss and Baumgarten shook hands again. Fifteen minutes later the Bradley clique jumped on Iron Mountain like a cyclone. The stock was thrown on the open market and broke the price. A slump set it and the Bradley crowd helped it on by every means in their power. The slump became a rout, as the bull syndicate went to pieces. Weiss and Baumgarten were frantic as the price tumbled ten points in as many minutes. It finally landed at 50 and stopped. The two brokers lost \$80,000 each to Bob, and the boy broker had the laugh on them. So did the Street.

Everybody was overjoyed to see the two foxy brokers taken into camp again by the boy broker, who was now worth \$200,000, and had proved himself up to the minute.

Next week's issue will contain "FULL OF BUSINESS; or, THE YOUNG TRAVELER FOR THE FIRM."

CURRENT NEWS

HEIFER SETS NEW RECORD

Dainty Aggie Ormsby III, a Holstein heifer owned by John Erickson, Wacupaca, Wis., has just completed a yearly record that makes her the world's champion butter producing senior yearling and also wins for her the world's championship for combined milk and butter, the Wacupaca County farm agent announced recently. In 365 days the Holstein produced 22,151 3-10 pounds of milk and 870.63 pounds of fat, or the equivalent of 1,083.09 pounds of butter, the agent said.

MASTODON JAWBONE

While pumping sand at the county plant on the Arkansas River, east of Ellinwood, Kan., workmen found what appeared to be the petrified jawbone of some animal.

The bone was sent to the Kansas State University Department of Geology for identification. The department replied, stating that it is the jawbone of a mastodon, a species of giant prehistoric elephant which scientists claim roamed the plains some thousands of years ago. The letter states that the specimen is the largest ever found. It was 14 inches in length and the teeth appeared about 5 inches wide and 6 or 7 inches in length.

The jawbone of a large elephant is said to be about 7 inches in length, so that it is presumed this jawbone came from an animal twice as large as the average elephant.

The specimen was found at a depth of 40 feet in the middle of the river.

SHOES MADE OF FISH AND SNAKE SKINS

Shoes, as well as bags, are now being made of fish and snake skins. This substitute for leather is said to cost less, and to be practically everlasting. Of reptiles, the various kinds of python, as well as lizards from Ceylon and Java, furnish skins that are serviceable and attractive in appearance, with a special charm for the ladies.

Almost any kind of fish that is large enough furnishes material that, with the scales removed, makes beautiful patterns of great variety, says Popular Mechanics. The skins are cut and fitted in the same manner as leather, and are used for shoes of various shapes for both men and women. In some parts of the country they have attracted favorable attention and have become quite popular.

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By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XVII.

Tricking a Cruel Scoundrel.

Dan knew it, in a way, and yet he did not realize how clever she was.

She was kicking her horse gently on the side away from him, and the animal understood the command; he backed slowly and swung toward the young man, getting nearer all the time.

"Oh, please let me go, mister, I ain't doin' no harm."

As she uttered these very words, with a tone which sounded as though she had tears in her voice, she suddenly leaned over toward the youth and brought a heavy lash across his shoulders and face in such a startling manner that Dan involuntarily dropped his weapon, as he tried to cover his face from the surprising attack.

Her horse sprang forward, and the girl knew every foot of the way toward the road.

Her scornful laughter was all the farewell that she made, and before Dan had found his weapon, he heard her horse's hoof-beats die away in the night air.

Dan retraced his steps as well as he could to the farmhouse.

His face was stinging from the lashing of the daring girl's whip, but he had to admit, ruefully enough, that the joke was on him.

"She knows how to fool the men, all right," he thought, "which proves that all girls have the same talent, whether they study at boarding-school or learn it in the woods."

That set him to thinking about the judge's daughter, beautiful Beryl Barton.

He did not know the difficulties which the judge was having just at this time with Jake Newcastle, or he would have been deeply worried for the safety of the girl.

* * * * *

Back at the hotel where the judge had stopped with his daughter, they had been overtaken by the king of the moonshiners.

Newcastle at first pretended friendship and gave them the idea that he would help them back to the town, that they might go on East once more.

But Judge Barton read the man's evil intention keenly.

"You had better come back into the county and rest up, judge," said Newcastle. "There's a farmhouse I own down about three miles back of here, where an old man and his wife run the place. He

can give you good food, and the old lady will take good care of Miss Beryl. She's kind of sick—I'd advise you both to rest up before you go on that long thirty-mile ride to the railroad from here."

The judge shook his head with an angry toss, as he retorted:

"No. I've had enough examples of the way strangers are treated down here."

"But, judge, I'm in a position to sell you that land," persisted Newcastle.

He threw out the duplicate deeds which he had captured from Dan earlier in the affair.

The judge was surprised, for Newcastle did not give him a chance to examine them closely enough to learn that they were copies.

"Great Scott! What have you done with that poor young man? Have you killed him, you scoundrel?" exclaimed the Easterner.

Newcastle's face reddened.

"No, he settled up—and at a bargain I was able to get the deeds from him to the land—while he has gone back to his home town with my money, to record the change in ownership."

"It's a lie!" cried the judge. "It's all part of your vile trickery."

Newcastle flared up, uncontrollably mad.

He was not accustomed to being given the lie, and he raised his fist.

As he did so he looked down the barrel of a large and business-like revolver, for the judge had bribed one of the men in the old hotel to sneak out and quietly buy a good weapon and plenty of ammunition.

Newcastle started back in surprise.

"Now, see here, Newcastle. We'll get down to cases. I'm going out of this country, and I never want to see it again. I may be an Easterner, but I am a man of the world. I have my daughter with me and have hesitated to take the action which I would have, had I been alone."

Newcastle began to laugh sneeringly, as he walked away to show his contempt.

But the judge continued:

"And this is my parting word to you—for I don't want to see you again. The man who tries to interfere with me in my liberty or to force any insult upon myself or my daughter will get a sudden surprise and is apt to lose part of his head—for I'm going to shoot to kill!"

Newcastle had reached the front of the old hotel corridor, and he turned about to jeer at the other.

"I'm king around here, Judge Barton. I'll just let you see it now—and before very long you'll be patting me on the back and calling me 'son-in-law'—and mighty glad to do it. Your gal's stuck on me, and I'll tame her even more when I make her my wife."

Then Mr. Jake Newcastle received the surprise of his life, for a sudden report rang out from the revolver in the enraged Barton's hand.

Newcastle gave a groan, as he tumbled forward with a bullet ploughing into the calf of his leg.

(To be continued.)

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

RAT'S JOKE ON BARBER

A rat with an appetite for olive oil has been causing some inconvenience at the John Fox barber shop in Junction City, Kan. Three nights in succession the rodent has tipped over the bottle and removed the tightly inserted glass stopper. There was not sufficient olive oil in the bottle to cause it to run out, however, and the rat was unable to get to it. In revenge it ate the soapy center bristles from several shaving brushes.

WOMAN GETS BACK MONEY

Seventeen years ago, at a band concert in Marinette, Wis., Miss Adeline Pratt, Deputy Register of Deeds, lost a pocketbook with several dollars and a keepsake knife in it. She was surprised recently on going to the post-office to receive a packet containing the knife and money without any explanation. Whether she lost the pocketbook or it was stolen from her she does not know, but efforts to recover it by advertising at the time failed.

STORY OF A RARE STAMP

Wealthy stamp lovers of many nationalities vied with each other for the possession of the rarest specimen known to philatelists when it was put up for public sale at the Hotel Drouot, Paris. It is the unique 1-cent British Guiana of 1856, which for more than forty years past has adorned the famous stamp collection of the late Baron De La Renotiere von Ferrary, which was dispersed by the French Government Liquidation of Sequestered Property.

The story of this only remaining example of this renowned stamp is a romance. Together with a companion value, 4 cents, it was produced in the colony to meet an emergency demand brought about by the non-arrival of an expected consignment of the regular series from England. The firm of Baum & Dallas, printers of the Official Gazette at Georgetown, Demerara, undertook to print a provisional issue, the stamps being composed of ordinary printer's type, with the figure of a sailing ship in the center, which ordinarily headed the shipping news in the newspaper. Above and below this device was set in type the motto of British Guiana: "Damsus Petimusque Vicissim." The whole was enclosed in a rectangular frame, with the inscription "British Guiana Postage," and the value in words on the outsides. These so-called "native" stamps were printed on surface colored paper and placed on sale to the public in February, 1856. For better security each specimen was personally initialed by the postmaster before being issued. The 4 cents is a comparatively rare stamp, but of the 1 cent only a solitary copy has been preserved—namely, that which was sold to the highest bidder recently.

Not until seventeen years after was it brought to light by a local stamp collector while rummaging among some old family papers in an attic. It was far from being a perfect specimen,

and, not being favorably impressed by its appearance, he sold it to another collector for a few shillings. The purchaser likewise failed to appreciate the importance of his acquisition, and some years later disposed of his collection, including the unique one-cent stamp, to an English stamp dealer for the sum of £120. Thence the stamp passed into the world's greatest stamp collection, where it has remained until now.

Few have been privileged to see it, but among them is Mr. E. D. Bacon, M.V.O., who in 1891 wrote: "While in Paris I had a long-wished-for opportunity of examining the only known copy of the one-cent of this issue, of which Herr P. von Ferrary is the fortunate possessor. Doubts have more than once been expressed about the 'face' value of this stamp, but after a most careful inspection I have no hesitation whatsoever in pronouncing it a thoroughly genuine one-cent specimen. The copy is a poor one, dark magenta in color, but somewhat rubbed. Nevertheless, it is revered by philatelists as the rarest stamp in the world."

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Marvels of the Maine Woods

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG

"The mightiest hunter in Maine is Nat Moore of Somerset county," said a New Yorker who has fished and hunted all over Maine and a good part of New Brunswick. "Nat must be over seventy, but he sticks to the woods like a deerhound. I have known him since 1860, and in that year he showed me the grandest sight that any mortal man ever gazed upon. It was one evening early in the summer, just between daylight and dark. We were camping on one of the lakes in Somerset county, trout fishing. Nat had gone to the pond for some purpose, and a minute later he came back.

"If you want to see something that you won't be likely to ever clap your eyes on again as long as you live," he said, with his eyes snapping with excitement, "sneak back to the pond with me."

"I crept stealthily in his wake down through the thick timber to the edge of the woods. It was still light enough at the upper end of the lake, near which we were camped, and which was not in the shadow of the hill, for us to see plainly for a quarter of a mile along the margin of the water. Nat cautiously parted the dense growth of young water birches that fringed the edge of the lake on that side."

"Look yonder," said he.

"I looked, and my heart almost jumped out of my mouth at the sight. All along the upper shore of the lake, standing belly deep among the lily pods, in various attitudes of grace and stateliness, the pond was alive with caribou. Magnificently antled bulls stamped and snorted and tossed their kingly heads among meek-faced cows, while in and out among them, sported a small drove of velvet-coated calves. We counted fifty-seven bulls and cows, and almost every cow had a proprietary interest in at least one calf.

"We watched this remarkable congregation of caribou for several minutes in silence. The sight was too much for speech. At last Nat whispered to me:

"We'll draw on 'em just once, anyhow, and see how many we can drop."

"We selected two of the biggest bulls in the drove and fired. A terrific chorus of snorts followed the reports of the guns. There was a sound of water in great commotion for a moment and the next instant the woods were filled with the crashing of the flying herd through the thick brush. Nat and I sent the contents of our remaining barrels after the drove as they rushed in a confused and thickly bunched mass from the water. In less time almost than it takes to tell all was as quiet as if nothing had occurred to disturb the solitude of the great wilderness. In the water, their huge bulks showing far about the mat of lily beds, lay the dead bodies of the two old bulls we had selected as our first targets. On the edge of the lake, one with its head in the

water and its flanks stretched on the shore, and the other with his hind parts buried among the lilies and his antlers lifted high on the land, lay two other bulls, the victims of the two shots that followed the herd in their flight.

"I've seen a good many caribou in my time," said Nat, after we had dragged our trophies to the cabin, "but the natural history of Maine never counted on me or anybody else ever getting in among such a congregation of 'em as that was."

"Years afterward Nat was at that same pond, when twenty-seven caribou came in among the lilies. He shot one, and was surprised to see that, instead of the rest scampering away, they seemed to be panic-stricken, and only pranced and snorted and huddled together in the pond. It wasn't until Nat had shot seven out of the lot that the rest began to get their wits about them, and removed themselves without more ado out of the way of Nat's deadly aim.

"This old hunter was the originator, as far as I can learn, of the queer but profitable method of hunting for caribou and moose, known as 'masquerading' for them. This is followed by many of the Maine hunters, but Moore is admitted to be the most expert masquerader of them all. The method is simple. When the snow is on the ground and the trees are white with it, the hunter simply wraps himself in a white sheet and seeks the places where he knows his game is to be found. He steals along among the timber until he sights his caribou, far out of rifle range. Then he watches his opportunity, and glides nearer and nearer to the game. If it suspects danger and turns its head in the direction of the sheet-covered hunter, the latter becomes as motionless as one of the dead, snow-covered stumps around him, and resembles one of them himself. The disguise fools the caribou, and seeing nothing to excite its fear, it goes to browsing again. By stealthy and patient stages the masquerading hunter gets within easy range of the big deer, and if it gets away from him then it's a lucky beast. When there is no snow, the hunter wraps himself in colors resembling the surroundings and proceeds in the same way. He has more trouble in getting to the moose in that way, for that ugly but wary animal has a nose better than any pointer of the finest breed, and he can smell a hunter just as well in a white sheet as he can one in a buckskin shirt, and he trusts his nose's warning whether his eyes have seen any danger or not, and away he goes at the faintest scent.

"Nat Moore was the first hunter I ever saw call a bull moose within rifle range. Calling the moose is about the surest and easiest way of getting a shot at that sagacious animal, as it takes the most expert and patient maneuvering on the part of the hunter to follow the trail of a moose and outwit him at his own strategy, which is his instinctive keeping of his trail always with the wind blowing from the source of possible danger. In the nutting season, however, when the cows are lowing their lone calls on the hills, the cunning old monarch of the wilderness, while not abandoning his natural caution, permits himself to be more easily undone. The Micmac Indians of New Brunswick are beyond doubt, the most skillful moose callers on the continent, just as the Indians and half-breeds of Manitoba are the

most infallible moose trailers. There are some very expert callers among the Maine woodsmen, and Nat Moore is undoubtedly one of the very best of them all.

The time to call the bull moose is from the middle of September to the middle of October, and sometimes later. It is the habit of the female at that time of the year to seek open spaces on the hills at sundown, and give voice to a mellow but far-sounding cry. This is the signal to the male, and the call is not often repeated before some shambling bull is heard crashing through the brush, his long split hoofs rattling at every step on his way to the rendezvous. This peculiar cry the hunters have learned to imitate with greater or less degrees of exactness, and make it an agent for luring their game into ambush. The call is made by means of a horn rolled out of birch bark, to mouth which perfectly requires long and constant practice. The hunter, when an adept at sounding the moose love song, simply hides himself at a favorable spot in the wilderness, with his gun in readiness, and blows the horn. As he hears the bull approaching, generally pausing in the brush at intervals to listen for the call and get his bearings, the caller needs all his nerve and an unfailing lip. The call must be tempered to the approach of the bull, and one false note is never lost on that wary lover's true and cultured ear. No cow moose ever slurred a note or sang too flat or too sharp floating her amatory invitation to her mate on the crisp air of an autumn evening, and the slightest variation, either way in the sound will send the expectant brute flying like the wind away from the treacherous trysting place—disappointed, perhaps, but not so much so as the hunter whose false lip lost him his coveted prize.

"The female moose rarely calls after dark, the exceptional instances being on light moonlight nights. Consequently hunters seldom try to lure a bull by calling after night has come on. If a bull can be induced to answer a moonlight call, however, the excitement of the sport is increased. There is something decidedly weird and uncanny in the sound of the startling call echoing among the hills, their tops flooded in light and their sides and bases wrapped in impenetrable shadow, and the answering bellow of the bull, as it comes out from the very depths of the shadow. As the huge animal approaches from the wilderness, and finally emerges into the moonlit open, the nerves, even of the experienced hunter, are strung at the severest tension, while to the novice the suspense is simply agony. Nat Moore gave me my first experience in moose calling on one frosty October night, the moon being that night one immense sphere of mellow brightness, and the conflicting play of light and shadow over the great wilderness was as of broad golden floods of light assailing the ragged boundaries of cimmerian blood. At the second call from Nat's birch-bark horn an answer was heard in one direction, and at the third from the opposite direction was wafted the reply of another eager moose lover.

"Two of 'em!" said Nat. "There's be some fun in this opening when they meet."

"The two bulls came on, approaching with strides that denoted their ardor. I shook like an aspen, and grew cold and faint under the strain

on my nerves. At last one of the bulls stopped. He was yet in the shadow of the woods, but not far from the opening. As he stopped a loud and angry snort, that contrasted strangely with the low bellows he had uttered before, came from his evidently elevated nostrils. The moose on the other side of the opening stopped almost at the same instant, and sent an angry and as loud a snort from his part of the woods.

"Aha!" said Nat, beneath his breath. "They've scented one another. There won't be any need of my calling again. They'll soon be together right in front of us."

"And so they were. At the same moment the two huge brutes rushed out of the darkness into the moonlit opening. Their appearance was startling to me, but if they had kept me in suspense much longer I think I would have died. They hurled themselves against one another, and the shock made the very earth tremble. Then followed a combat such as I never hope to see again. Back and forth, now revealed in the full light of the moon, and now seen but dimly as first one and then the other would rush his combatant into the shadow of the woods, these infuriated rivals plunged and struggled in desperate conflict. Their furious bellowings resounded among the hills, and there was solitude there no longer. For half an hour the great beasts fought, but victory for either seemed as far away as it was at the outset. Nat and I, crazed with excitement, came out from our concealment early in the fight, and stood in the lightest part of the opening in plain sight of the combatants, but our presence was unheeded by them. At last Nat said:

"They're getting tired. Neither one will quit until the other one is dead. We'll settle the fight."

"He led the way back to the guns. Under his instructions I took aim at one battling moose and he covered the other. The two reports sounded at once, and the two bulls dropped as one. Neither moose made an effort to get up. There was good reason for that. Both were dead as hammers."

SASSAFRAS OIL FROM SOUTHERN STUMPS

Oil of sassafras, formerly much used as a blood purifying medicine, and now used as a flavoring extract, is a characteristically American product, as are birch and wintergreen. About 85,000 pounds of it are produced every year.

It is prepared from the stumps of sassafras trees, which the Southern farmer is anxious to have removed from his land. The distillers furnish stump-pullers, and the farmer's only expense is the labor of pulling from the ground and delivering the stumps at the nearest railway station.

At the distilleries the stumps are chopped up with axes and the pieces are fed into "hogs" which cut them into small chips. These are placed in the distilling tanks. Distilling takes from forty-eight to fifty-five hours and the yield is only slightly in excess of 1 per cent. The exhausted chips are ground and sold for use in sweeping compounds.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JUNE 2, 1922

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

GIANT AIRSHIPS

The navy has ordered a rigid dirigible of 2,000,000 cubic feet to be constructed by England. English dirigibles, patterned after the general plan of Zeppelins, have been constructed to a size of 2,700,000 cubic feet. Ships of this size have a speed of 75 miles an hour and an endurance of about 175 hours, or a cruising radius in excess of 13,500 miles, or more than half the distance around the earth.

Airships of still greater size are contemplated, and plans for a dirigible of 10,000,000 cubic feet have been approved in England. The length of such a ship is about 1,100 feet, only something less than one-quarter of a mile. The total lift of gas is given at 300 tons, and useful lift 200 tons. Such an airship could transport troops and equipment a distance of 20,000 miles.

ODD FISH TRAP

At Dover, Eng., there has been constructed a series of immense breakwaters in order to increase the size of the harbor. In the work a big diving bell was employed. When this machine was descending on one occasion the men seated around its sides saw in the glare of the electric light a strange sight.

The water beneath them suddenly became alive with thousands of silvery fish which darted hither and thither in their efforts to escape the unexpected captivity. Some succeeded in diving under the edges of the bell, but as it descended nearer and nearer the bottom, the few inches of water remaining became thick with the fish.

When the bell rested on the bed of the sea the men captured nearly a thousand of the sprats. The fish were probably attracted by the electric light that is used in such a bell.

SLEEPLESS HERMIT DIES AFTER 45 YEARS

William Warner, bachelor, civil war veteran and hermit, who went without sleep for forty-five years, died at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Houghteling in South Egremont, Mass. He was in his 83 year.

Mr. Warner was born in New Marlboro and a blighted romance is said to have driven him to a hermit's life in the mountains near his birthplace. When his eyesight failed in 1920 friends persuaded him to relinquish a hermit's life. He had a brother, who died in New Orleans in the civil war. A sister, Mrs. Samantha Benton of Canaan, Conn., survives.

Because of his knowledge of the Berkshire flora and fauna he was known to hundreds of summer residents as "Bill Warner, naturalist," and post cards bearing his picture were widely distributed. When he recovered from an accident in 1877 sleep had vanished forever. He rested in a rocker with his clothes on, but never lost consciousness.

Scientific men who observed him closely said his perpetual insomnia was a fact.

Warner served in Company E, Second Connecticut Volunteers, in the civil war.

LAUGHS

Johnny—Mamma, will you wash my face?
Mamma—Why, Johnny, can't you do that?
Johnny—Yes, but I'll have to wet my hands, and they don't need it.

Mrs. Bingo—I think, if you are looking for a good servant, the one I have at present would like the place. Mrs. Von Blumer—Won't she stay with you? "No; she complains that she has too much silver to clean."

"How many servants have you at your suburban home?" "Three." "You surprise me. I should think that one would be enough. How can you find employment for three servants?" "We always have one coming, one going and one there."

A letter from a lady at an island watering place to her husband contains the following passage: "In your last epistle you sent me 200 marks and 1,000 kisses. I should be glad if, in future, you would send me more money and fewer kisses."

Uncle—What are you crying for, Georgie?
Georgie—Teacher caned me because I was the only one—boo-hoo—able to answer a question to-day. Uncle—What was the question? Georgie (between sobs)—Who put the bent pin in the teacher's chair.

Blissful (to justice of the peace who has just tied young Blissful up in a matrimonial knot)—How much is the damages, squire? Justice—The law allows me \$2. Blissful—Well, here's 25 cents—that'll make \$2.25, and much obliged to ye fer the trouble.

"You think it is better to have foreign waiters?" "Yes," replied the thick-skinned man. "I realized it this evening. When I gave the waiter a lead half-dollar he thanked me in English and later expressed his opinion in a language which, fortunately, I could not understand."

FROM ALL POINTS

ALASKA'S TOUGH DOG LEAVES HEROIC SCIONS

Baldy of Nome, once the "toughest dog in all the Northland," has died in an animal hospital, Berkeley, Cal. He was buried under a rose bush, far from the long Alaska snow trails over which he "mushed" his way to fame.

Driven by "Scotty" Allan, Baldy was lead dog in the noted racing team owned by Mrs. C. E. Darling, which won six of the All-Alaska Sweepstake races across the Seward Peninsula from Nome to Candle and back, 418 miles in all. His last sweepstake was run in 1917. Then Allan brought him to Berkeley, where he settled.

"He was a cross-breed dog," said Allan recently. "His mother was a malamute; the rest of him was 'outside dog,' shepherd and hound."

During the war several Alaska dogs sired by Baldy were shipped to Europe by the French Government to serve in the Alps, and some won the Croix de Guerre.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN WILL WATCH FOR FIRES

Two good looking school teachers, Amy Kross and Cora Thomas, have been named to serve for two months this summer at a lone fire lookout station on Sourdough Mountain, north of Bellingham, Wash., in the centre of an immense area of forests.

A lookout cage or small cabin located at an elevation of 7,000 feet is their vacation home. Steel cables extending over the roof anchor the cabin to the rock, so that the winds will not hurl it down the mountain side.

The girls will be alone on the peak but connected with the outside world by telephone and telegraph with which they can report locations of fires. Their eye range is ten miles in every direction. A radio telephone set, made and perfected by Miss Kross, will be a novelty this summer and a source of entertainment. Former occupants of this station declare snow blows there in July and August.

MACHINE UNREELS SILK FROM COCOONS

Silk has always been considered an article of luxury on account of its high cost in comparison with other textile materials, writes United States Commercial Attache H. C. MacLean from Rome. This has been due in large degree to the labor necessary in handling the cocoons and preparing the thread for spinning. Consequently the silk industry has flourished only in countries where cheap labor is available.

After soaking the cocoons in water the thread has always been unreeled by hand, which is a work of great delicacy, but one for which it has not been possible to pay high wages. Thus, while silk weaving in Italy has been making progress the preparation of the raw silk has shown a decline. It is now reported that an Italian silk expert has succeeded in perfecting a machine which will perform the operation of unreeling the thread mechanically. A new company has recently been formed, which has taken over the

patents covering the invention and will manufacture the machines.

If the invention succeeds commercially as well as it has in the experiments that have been made it bids fair to revolutionize the silk industry, and, according to the inventor, the cost of silk may be reduced to such an extent that it will be able to compete with cotton and linen.

MUSEUM OF HATE OPENED IN PARIS

Museum of Hate is a fitting name for the new section of the French War Museum. It is filled with German medals and documents collected since the armistice, and as most of them express hostility to France there appears to be no other purpose in preserving them here than to maintain the spirit of hatred. Fortunately the collection has been housed in such small premises on the Rue de Colisee, where they have to be heaped in an inaccessible mass, that few persons are likely to be able to see them.

The acquisition of records to illustrate the variations of German mentality began immediately after the armistice; and the first specimens consequently appertain to the German people's anger at their defeated chieftains. Most of the earlier medallions and picture postcards have the ex-Kaiser for subject, expressing either threats or ridicule of the imperial scapegoat. In those of milder irony he is shown packing up his grips for a long voyage in exile or letting his crown fall, with an air of melancholy, into the waters of the Rhine.

With the arrival of the peace treaty period the rancor of the Germans is diverted to the evictors and, following a stream of lamentations, begins an outburst of virulent menace. A medallion portraying the famous "Sower" on French coins has the legend, "Thou hast already been sowing hate for long." Another medal called "The Calvary of Germany" shows Germania crucified, drinking from the cup of gall offered by the Allies.

In the same period there is an album made up of pictures of Alsace-Lorraine with the inscriptions, "What we have lost" and "German land which was torn from us and which we shall never forget."

Then begins a series of cartoons, generally coarse, from such German humorous papers as *Ulk*, *Kladderadatsch* and *Simplicissimus*, which, in the French eyes, "show the duplicity as well as the choler of the enemy of yesterday." In these drawings, Germany, unfailingly figures as a martyr, while the Allies are represented as bandits despoiling their victim. France is the especial object of attack, being pictured as a megalomaniac, furiously militarist, barbarous, given to torture in her spirit of black hate.

In some quarters there is a demand that this provocative collection be placed where it can easily be seen by the masses.

Send us a one-cent stamp to cover postage, and we will mail you a copy of "Moving Picture Stories."

GOOD READING

LOON ATTACKS CHILD

Channing Goff, five-year-old grandson of I. C. Goff, a coal operator of Cleveland, residing at No. 170 South Kingston Avenue, Chelsea, N. J., was chased and attacked on the beach near his home recently by a loon, which flew from the surf and struck the boy several times on the leg with its long bill.

Mr. Goff, the elder, ran to the boy's assistance, as did one or two bystanders, but the loon still showed fight. Finally the grandfather got a grip on its throat and after a brief struggle threw it back into the surf. It dived, but came back immediately, hovering about and displaying a beligerent attitude.

"I have never known a loon to display a militant disposition like this before," said Mr. Goff. "I have a camp in the Adirondacks, where I go each summer, and there the loons are plentiful, but are always of a shy disposition. Yes, I am certain this was a loon, for I am familiar with the bird. The loon has a bill about ten inches long, and very sharp at the end. It made the boy cry out with pain."

RAGPICKER CLAIMS NAPOLEON AS KIN

One of the rag and bone pickers of Paris has just made known his belief that he may be a descendant of the great Emperor Napoleon I. His name is Louis Napolon Eugene Maximilan Laurent Masson. He is called "Napoleon" and gives as the reason for his use of that name the following explanation:

"My father was a shoe cobbler and second hand dealer who used to rescue dogs' and cats' bodies from the Seine to sell for making grease. My mother was a traveling mender of pots and pans.

"My mother's mother was Rosalie de Manadel, of Spanish origin and noble. Her husband, my grandfather, named Rirmin, was from Ireland. They kept an inn at Clethy, in the department of Pas de Calais, where coaches changed horses.

"One evening the Emperor arrived at Clethy and my grandmother warned him to go no farther as there were English soldiers about. My grandfather fled and hid in a ravine. My grandmother hid Napoleon in the lower part of our two storied cellar until he could leave in safety. When my mother was born, my grandfather always refused to recognize her as his child, declaring that Napoleon was her father.

"You will find a reference to Napoleon's stay in Clethy in Marshal Bertrand's Memoirs with something about the child that resulted from it.

"That's why I am better known as Napoleon, and with reason."

CLOCKS RUN MORE RAPIDLY AT NIGHT

Clocks to-day are formally listed in the high-life class. They run faster at night than by day, says Science and Invention.

If the first clock ever made had run correctly,

at noon on Thursday it would show 8.13 p. m. Saturday; would have gained 20,293 seconds—2 days, 8 hours and 13 minutes—since clocks of our present type were invented in A. D. 996 to supplant hour glasses, water clocks and measured candles. The 20,923 seconds include the leap year gains.

At least, so the volunteer statistician says.

However, as the clocks have been corrected day by day, at noon to-day it is noon to-day.

The vagaries of the clocks have been disclosed by Dr. R. H. Tucker of Lick Observatory, a prominent astronomer, who has given special attention to clocks.

He finds that three first-class clocks at Lick Observatory have gained .06 of a second every night for several months.

The results of his investigation are included in the annual report of Dr. W. W. Campbell, director of Lick.

The clocks were checked from a large list of stars whose position are known with high precision. The report says meridian transits were recorded .06 seconds of time too early in the sunset period as compared with the sunrise period. Differences of temperature would account for only 5 per cent. of the discrepancy.

Nobody knows the cause, but Dr. Tucker is still at work on the problem.

Prof. Charles Burckhalter, director of Oakland's Chabot Observatory, asked for his opinion on it, said that Dr. Tucker was the expert of experts on this question, but that the public need not be alarmed, as the discrepancy discovered by Dr. Tucker has been rectified day by day automatically.

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YAP A LAND OF SLAVERY

Although the Island of Yap has been governed successively by Spaniards, Germans and Japanese, slavery is still practiced here and shows no signs of dying out. The Yap slaves are a darker race than their native masters and they have black, slightly curly hair. They are owned by chiefs and some are the property of wealthy native women.

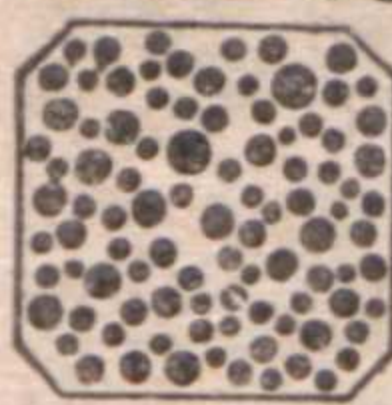
Tradition says that the slaves are descended from early invaders who come to Yap in war canoes from other islands, but were overpowered by the original inhabitants.

Many of the men were killed, but the women and children were spared and forced to labor in the taro (an edible plant root) patches.

Yap society is divided into three classes, namely: machmach or medicine men, the pilung or aristocracy, and the pimiliaga or slaves. The medicine men are still powerful despite the years of missionary work by Spanish priests. they prophesy, tell fortunes and sometimes put a taboo on various parts of the island. A taboo is a serious matter for the traders, as no native will work on a tabooed plantation.

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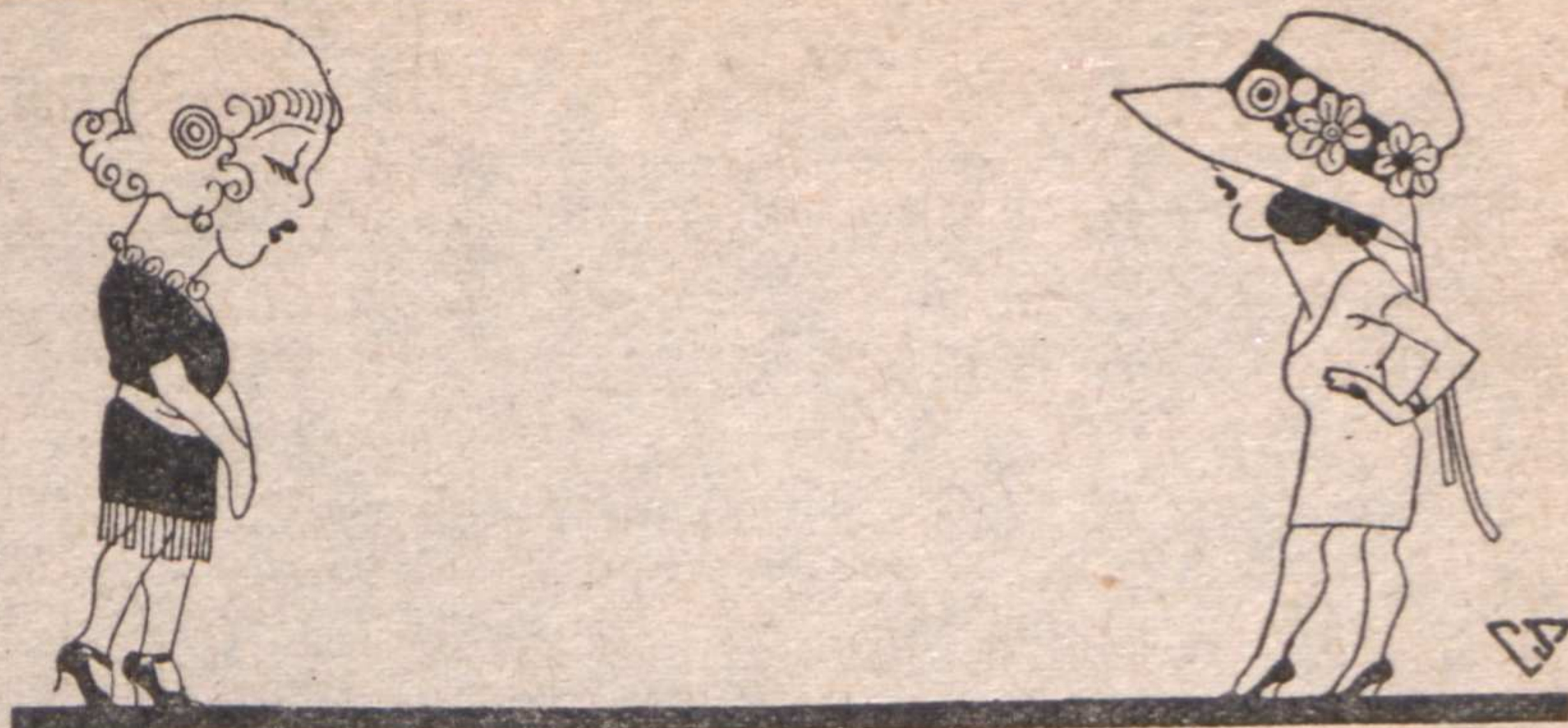
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